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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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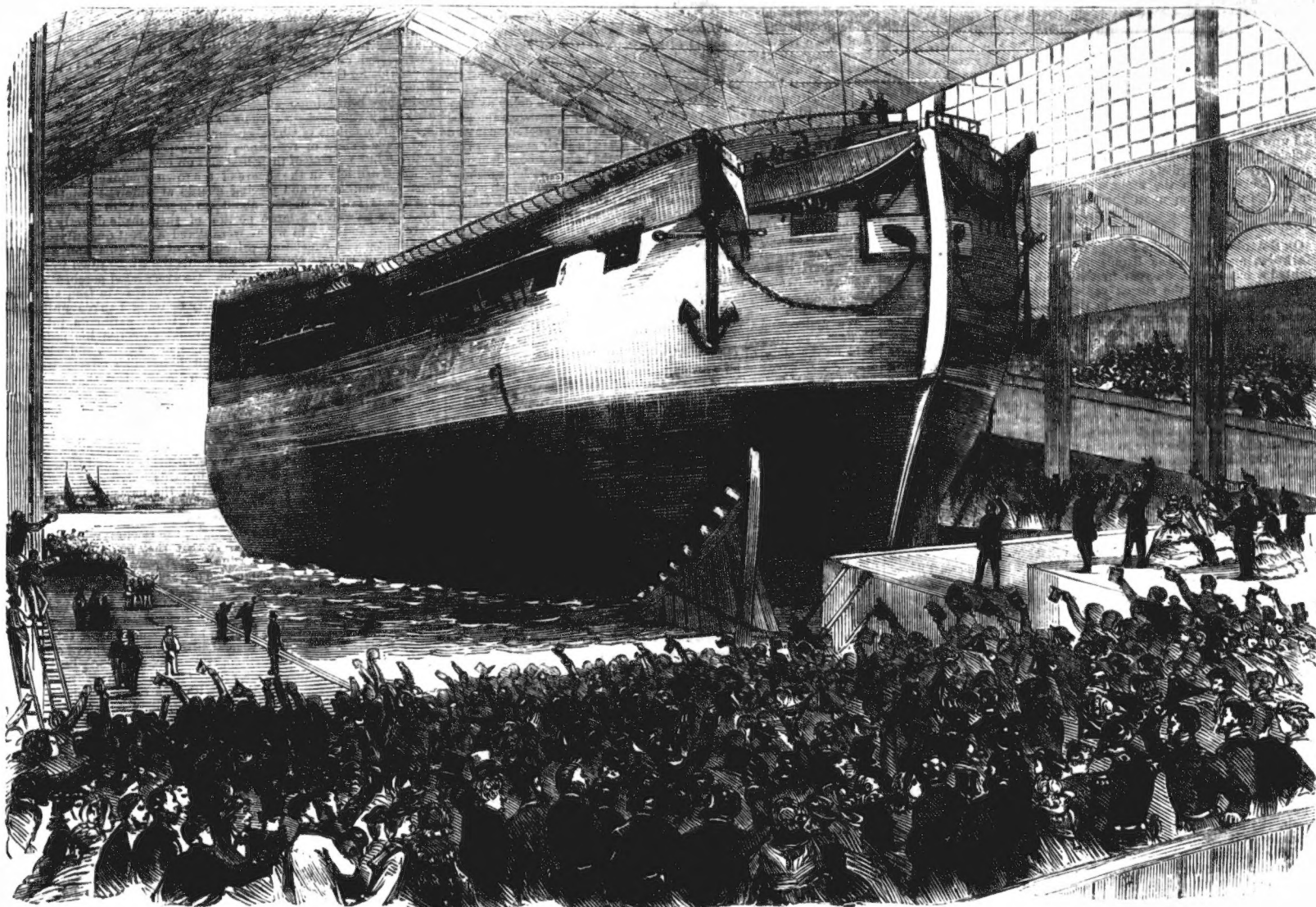
LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1862.

ONE PENNY.

THE LAUNCH OF THE CALEDONIA.

HER MAJESTY'S armour-plated screw frigate *Caledonia*, of 34 guns and 1,000 horse power, was launched in a most successful manner from Woolwich Dockyard, under the direction of Mr. Turner, master shipwright, in the presence of many thousands of spectators. A spacious booth and platform, fitted up with seats for the accommodation of 600 visitors, had been erected at the end of the slip, opposite the bow of the vessel, and was fully occupied by naval and military officers, the heads of various Government departments, and a large number of ladies. Every available position within the dockyard commanding a view of the launch was crowded with spectators, and also the decks of the *Flag* ship, the occupants of which were admitted by tickets issued by the commodore superintendent. The river presented a gay appearance, the several vessels in harbour being decorated with bunting and colours, and the entrance to the building slip was kept from any obstruction by the well-manned galleys of the Thames and Dockyard police force. The Royal Marine band and the band of the 14th Kent (Woolwich Dockyard) Volunteer Artillery were stationed in orchestras erected at the larboard bow and the head of the vessel, which displayed the royal standard at the main, the Admiralty flag at the fore, a blue ensign and two union jacks, her decks containing many hundreds of persons, who were admitted by special favour of Commodore Nicolson. A few minutes before two o'clock the operation of removing the dog-shores was performed, and the ceremony of christening the vessel having been deputed to Miss Nicolson, daughter of the commodore superintendent, that lady dashed a bottle

of wine against the bow, and immediately after severed the silken cord attached to the log, which alone kept the vessel stationary. At the same moment powerful jack-screws were applied to the keel, and the noble vessel glided gracefully down the launching ways, and swung out into the centre of the river, amidst the cheers of the spectators, the bands performing "Rule Britannia." She was then taken in tow by two steam-tugs, and removed into dock, where she will receive her machinery, and be completed for service. The *Caledonia* was laid down about three years since as a 90-gun timber frigate, but the Admiralty having abandoned the building of such vessels, she was altered and reconstructed as an armour-plated ship, under the direction of Mr. Turner, master shipwright, who introduced several improvements in the construction of her frame, which is more than usually solid and substantial, and fully capable of sustaining the immense weight of iron which will be her sides. The contractor for the supply of her 44-inch wrought-iron plates is Mr. Brown, of Sheffield; and the most complete machinery, consisting of hydraulic presses, planing and drilling machines, &c., has been fitted up in a shed erected close to the dock where the vessel remains. About two hundred workmen will be employed for her completion, and when ready for service she will receive an armament of the muzzle-loading rifle-guns, recently adopted by the Admiralty for the royal navy. The following are her principal dimensions:—Length between the perpendiculars, 273 feet; length of keel for tonnage, 231 feet 3½ inches; extreme breadth, 59 feet 2 inches; breadth for tonnage, 57 feet 11 inches; breadth moulded, 57 feet 1 inch; depth in hold, 19 feet 11½ inches; burden in tons, builder's measurement, 4,125 39-94ths.



LAUNCH OF H.M.S. CALEDONIA, 34 GUNS, AT WOOLWICH.

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday, his excellency Lord Lyons left Liverpool in the mail steamship *Scotia* en route for Washington, where he will resume his duties as British plenipotentiary to the United States. His lordship, who appeared in much better health than when he landed here some months ago from America, was accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Mallett.

On Saturday, the son of a gentleman named Rose, connected with the Wesleyan chapel at Stoke Newington, died from the following cause:—A day or two previously a cat jumped from a cupboard in a room where the lad was in search of something, which so alarmed him that he never rallied from the shock, although every medical attention was paid him.

An inquest was held at Leamington on Saturday, touching the death, the previous evening, of Mrs. Maria Vane, a relative of the Duke of Cleveland, who resided at Fulham-villa, in the above town. It would appear that she had given her lady's-maid a holiday, and had been left in the dining-room by the other house servant. Shortly afterwards a Mr. Evans, who was passing by, was attracted by an unusual blaze of light in the hall, and, with the assistance of a policeman, the house was broken open. She had been burnt to death, and the body of the deceased lay at the dining-room door, which she had been unable to open. She had been burnt to death, and presented a horrible appearance, the flesh being burnt down to the bone. As she wore a crinoline covered with mousseline de laine, a very inflammable material, her death was no doubt attributable to the too extended nature of that fashionable article. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death." Deceased was sixty years of age, but of very active habits.

On Saturday an inquest was held by Mr. Langham, at St. George's workhouse, on the body of a female child which had been given birth to in Hyde-park by a young woman named Sarah Smith, in the service of Captain Cox, of No. 5, Kensington-park-terrace. She had obtained leave of absence for a couple of days, avowedly to give rest to a bad hand, and on the previous Thursday Park-constable No. 4 had observed her strolling about in an unfrequented part from eleven till about three o'clock, when, finding her sitting under the dry arch leading into Kensington-gardens, he spoke to her, advising her to move on. In five minutes after this he saw her again with a bundle, and on asking what she had got there, she told him she had just given birth to a child, and that it was dead. He requested her to accompany him to the Mount-street workhouse, and she did so, carrying the bundle which was tightly tied up, under her arm. On reaching the workhouse the bundle was opened, and found to contain a female child alive. A nurse put the child into a warm bath, which appeared to revive it very much, and under the care of the surgeon it lived twelve hours. The medical man was of opinion that death had resulted from congestion of the heart and lungs, but he could not undertake to say if it was produced from severe labour or from natural causes. The coroner, in summing up, made a strong point against the accused, on the ground that she had made no provision whatever for the child; but the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony.

On Monday, Dr. Lankester, the Central Middlesex coroner, held an inquest at the Bank of England Tavern, Cambridge-place, Paddington, touching the death of a page-boy, named Wm. James Fullerman, aged thirteen, the son of a widow, residing at 6, Luton-street, Carlisle-street, Portman-market. It appeared from the evidence that whilst employed in assisting to move a cart laden with mould into a garden at Malma-vale, another cart heavily laden with bricks passed on the wrong side without the driver being anywhere near the horse's head, and so close to the tail end of the other cart that deceased's wrist became crushed between the two carts. He was immediately conveyed to St. Mary's Hospital, where he expired from lock-jaw, produced by the injuries which his wrist had sustained. The jury deliberated, and were for a considerable time unable to agree to a verdict on the ground that the driver of the cart loaded with bricks, who appeared to be deserving of blame, could not be found. A representative of a Mr. Ferguson attended the inquiry, and stated that although the driver was in their service he could not be found out, inasmuch as they had upwards of 160 carts hauling bricks, and they did not receive sufficiently prompt notification of the occurrence. Finally twelve jurors agreed to a verdict of "Accidental death from injuries resulting in lock-jaw," on the understanding that the coroner should write to Mr. Ferguson upon the subject, and inform the mother that an action for damages for the loss of her son could be made in another court.

On Saturday evening the fishing smack *Alarm*, belonging to Mr. Markrow, arrived in the Humber. The captain reports that he sighted a schooner in distress in the North Sea. The course was at once altered, and the smack rapidly bore down upon the disabled vessel, which was rolling in the trough of the sea in a most fearful manner. On nearing the vessel it was seen that her decks were swept, and the men appeared in a very exhausted condition. A boat was at once lowered from the smack and manned by two of her crew, who proceeded to the rescue. After much buffeting the brave fellows succeeded in reaching the sinking ship. The master and the crew, six in number, were taken into the boat, and the return voyage was commenced. Before very long, however, a heavy sea struck the boat and swamped her, when the whole of the men were thrown out and drowned. The men on board the smack used every endeavour to save them, but without avail. The crew of the smack were unable to ascertain the name of the lost vessel.

An inquest was opened on Monday, by William Carter, Esq., coroner for East Surrey, at the William the Fourth tavern, Camberwell New-road, relative to the death of Mr. M. Jacobs, aged twenty-three, who, it was alleged, lost his life through the fall of part of the telegraph wires crossing the Blackfriars-road, near the bridge. It was stated that during the height of the gale on Thursday one of the wires suddenly gave way, and fell partly across the road. The wind again carried it upwards, and it was twisted with considerable violence round the throat and body of the deceased man, who was seated on the top of an omnibus which was passing at the time. The poor fellow was hurled into the road, and on being picked up was found to be insensible. Mr. Jacobs was conveyed home, but never recovered consciousness, and expired from an injury to the skull, which affected the brain. As no one, however, attended who distinctly saw the wire touch the deceased, under the direction of the coroner the inquest was adjourned to a future day.

BIRTH IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.—On the arrival of the London, Chatham, and Dover train at the New Wandsworth Station the other evening, it was found that a poor woman from the neighbourhood of Chatham, the sole occupant of a third class carriage, had during the journey given birth to a child. The station-master, seeing the sad condition she presented, detained the train, and sent for Mr. March, the surgeon, who promptly attended and rendered every assistance to the poor creature, whom he found in a very exhausted condition from hemorrhage and cold, she having deprived herself of her warm clothing for the sake of her infant. Mr. March kindly accompanied his patient in the train to the Victoria Station, from whence he conveyed her to Westminster Hospital. Mother and child are doing well.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

Mr. Dillon, a member of the English bar, who for many years has been the editor of the French journal the *Sport*, and was well known as an organiser of French races, was killed at St. Germain in a duel, with the Duke de Gramont-Caderousse. The cause of the quarrel which has resulted in this fatal issue is said to be that the duke, some time ago, on the occasion of some races at the Châlons camp, objected to a certain Mr. Thomas being entitled to the qualification of a "gentleman rider." Mr. Dillon, in his journal the *Sport*, espoused the cause of Mr. Thomas, and wrote several paragraphs, which greatly irritated the Duke de Caderousse. The latter addressed several letters to the *Sport*, and to the *France Hippique*, and those journals not inserting them, he got them printed in a minor Belgian paper. Thereupon Mr. Dillon sent a hostile message to the duke, choosing for his friends Colonel Viscount de Noe, and another officer named De Maury. The duke at first objected that a man of his rank was not bound to meet Mr. Dillon, but being provoked by a strong letter from Colonel de Noe, he waived that objection, and authorized his friends, the Prince d'Essling and Viscount Talon, to arrange a meeting. Mr. Dillon, as the offended party, chose pistols for weapons, but after a negotiation, which resulted in the withdrawal of the Prince d'Essling from the affair and the substitution of M. Fitzjames as one of the duke's seconds, it was agreed that the duel should be fought with swords. After a few passes Mr. Dillon was run through the body by his adversary's sword—the heart was touched, and he died on the spot.

The distressing fears which prevail for Garibaldi have produced a marked revulsion of feeling in France. Public feeling takes a new and a most dangerous form—that of exasperation against the imperial household. The Emperor is blamed for succumbing to a camarilla; the people have christened the Empress "Madame Siatupo," and everywhere you hear men muttering through blanched lips, "How long is this to endure?" They know that there is but one reply: that it will endure as long as it pleases his Majesty Napoleon III and her Majesty the Empress of the French.

ITALY.

The deputation appointed to convey the gift of the Romans to the Queen of Portugal has delivered the following address to King Victor Emmanuel:—

"Sire,—Our fellow-citizens will view, in the honour which your Majesty confers by receiving us, a new proof that force still keeps you far from Rome. But we know that your heart is with us. Rome suffers indignantly, but confides in your Majesty's word. In every event you will find in her people the energetic desire that justice may be done to Italy." The King thanked the Roman deputation in his daughter's name.

GENERAL GARIBALDI.

A letter from Spezzia has the following:—

"General Garibaldi was removed from the Fort of the Varignano to Spezzia the day before yesterday. The day was most favourable, and the suffering hero was conveyed in a boat from the one place to the other in the easiest and most successful manner. It was his friend Bertani who advised the general to have himself taken off from his late prison—a gloomy locality, with a northern aspect, and saddened by the sight of the galley slaves at work in the premises, and brought to his present residence, Fort, a sunny spot, near the city of Spezzia, lately purchased by the Government for its great marine establishment. The condition of the general's health gives rise to endless rumours and to the most absurd and contradictory surmises, so that even the report of his death has repeatedly been spread and insisted on with the most stubborn obstinacy. The real truth, however, is that Dr. Bertani has expressed his opinion that Garibaldi's wound is incurable, and that nothing can save his life except amputation of the foot above the ankle. Most of the surgeons, who have hitherto been busy about the general, are of one mind with Bertani on this point, so that the removal from the Varignano to Spezzia may be looked upon as preliminary to the serious and more or less dangerous operation. Bertani only advises as much delay as may place the illustrious sufferer in a condition to go through the trial with the least possible risk. Danger of life the doctors contend there is none; but they at any rate all agree in their statement that we may have to wait five or six months before a complete cure can be in any manner effected; five or six months, without reckoning the two months which have so very nearly elapsed since the fatal 29th of August. Nothing can equal the distress of the Italian people, especially of the lower multitude, at the long martyrdom of their favourite hero; no bulletins have power to allay their premonitions as to the ultimate fate which may be in store for him—nothing can remove from their minds the fear that Garibaldi may never survive the consequences of his mishap at Aspromonte."

Surgeon Nealon, one of the most eminent operators in Paris, has left for Spezzia, to ascertain whether it may not yet be time to amputate Garibaldi's foot.

We understand that a telegram was received in town inviting Professor Partridge to take part in any medical consultation to be held on the state of Garibaldi's wound, and the treatment to be adopted. Rumours of an alarming kind have lately been prevalent; and it is satisfactory to hear that arrangements have been made between the Garibaldi Committee and Mr. Partridge, and that this surgeon started on Sunday morning on his route to Spezzia.

ROME.

A letter from Rome, in the *Telegrafo*, says:—

"King Francis II is still at the Quirinal, which he is preparing to leave in order to inhabit the Farnese Palace. I believe I am able to assure you that the young Queen is expected shortly, in spite of the report of her intention to remain in the convent of Wurzburg. The Pope, who consults less the state of his finances than his natural generosity of mind, has endeavoured to dissuade the ex-King from his intention to remove. He has represented to him that when inhabiting the Palace of the Quirinal he is under his immediate protection, whereas at the Borghese Palace it would be no longer possible to provide him with a Swiss guard, and render to him the honours due to a King. Francis II, however, does not the less persist in his project. It is perhaps from a motive of discretion, for he must be aware that his stay in the Pontifical Palace, with 20 persons in his suite, is exceedingly expensive. The furniture has already been considerably injured; a part of the plate and linen have disappeared; extravagant orders for new articles are given from time to time, and the steward of the Palace is obliged to purchase secretly what is wasted, in order to replace it."

GREECE.

REVOLUTION IN GREECE.—ABDICATION OF THE KING.

In France publishes the following:—

"We have received, through a private despatch, advices from Greece by the steamer which left the Piræus on the morning of the 24th, and which has touched at Messina. The King and Queen of the Greeks left their capital on the 13th, and embarked the same day at Piræus, on board the steam corvette *Ameli*, to visit Messina. At the time of their departure everything was tranquil, and nothing seemed to prognosticate so proximate a revolution. The first signs of an outbreak occurred on the 7th of October, in Achaia. The towns of Patras and Missolonghi have become the centres of the revolution. The telegraphic wires having been cut, it was

impossible to inform the King of what was taking place, and on the 21st the Minister of Marine started on board a man-of-war to seek their Majesties at Kalamata, a small port in Messenia. On the 23rd the revolution gained Athens, when the King was declared to be deposed. This revolution bears the character of an anti-dynastical one. The insurgents admit that the King governed constitutionally, but reproach him with not having wished for the greatness and advancement of Greece. The leaders of the revolution belong to the highest families in the country. They declare that they are not opposed to a monarchical form of government. The Provisional Government has ordered the concentration of troops at Vonitza, which town is close to the Turkish frontier. On hearing of these events the Ottoman Porte has ordered the Turkish army to be kept on a war footing. It is said that orders have been sent from Constantinople for a body of troops to proceed to the frontier of Albania, to watch Livadia, a Greek province hostilely inclined towards Turkey."

The *Independence* says:—

"The facts of the Greek revolution are complicated by a remarkable coincidence between the explosion of the insurrection and a journey which the King and Queen had undertaken in order to visit those provinces which were precisely those that first detached themselves from the royal authority. The duration of that excursion was to have been twenty days. It had been kept very secret perhaps because there were already doubts as to the fidelity of the country to be traversed. On the first rumour of the events, one of the ministers, M. Chatziscos, set out in all haste to join their Majesties at Kalamata, in Laconia. It was doubtless thence that the King, learning the success of the enemies of his Government, sent his abdication. The causes of these events are not difficult to comprehend. There has been for a long time a divorce between the Greeks and their dynasty. Like their ancestors, ardently fond of liberty, they had for their sovereign a prince who dreaded agitation beyond measure. Hence perpetual conflicts, which would have ended sooner in a complete rupture, but for the fear of foreign intervention. The absence of a direct heir, the repugnance of the heir presumptive to a change of his religion as the constitution required, and intrigues commenced either to abolish this stipulation or to turn it to the profit of some other prince, further complicated this situation. The Greeks cut the Gordian knot by an insurrection, in which the whole nation appears to have had common cause. It would be premature to speak at present of the consequences of the revolution. Let it suffice to say that it may react upon the relations between Greece and Turkey, and thus re-open the complications of the Eastern question."

AMERICA.

The raid made by Confederate General Stuart's cavalry into Pennsylvania appears to have been effected almost without molestation. The *Philadelphian Inquirer* has an account, from which the subjoined extracts are taken:—

"The cavalry, about 3,000 in number (although accounts differ as to their strength, some parties insisting there were not more than 700 of them), and six pieces of artillery, crossed the Potomac at Hancock or Clear Spring on Friday morning, and proceeded at once to Mercersburg without committing any depredations, or in the least degree interfering with the inhabitants along the route, it evidently being their intention at the outset to spare the persons and property of private citizens, horses excepted; in fact, this was communicated by some of them to parties in Chambersburg. They entered Mercersburg about noon, to the great astonishment of the citizens, who at first thought it was a body of Union troops. No damage was done at Mercersburg, with the exception of pressing a number of horses, there being no railroad depot, public workshops, or Government stores in the town. They passed through the town, and took the Pittsburg pike for Chambersburg, arriving near the town just before dark. One of their first acts was to plant three pieces of artillery on a hill back of the town, after which a detachment of fifteen men were sent into the town, bearing a flag of truce and requesting to see the chief personages or authorities, stating that they had an ample force at hand, and that the town must be surrendered or shelled, at the same time stating that guns were in position for that purpose. Hon. A. K. McClure and Provost-Marshal Stimmet then accompanied them to the officer in command, and, all resistance being impossible, the town was surrendered and soon after fully occupied. Previous to their entrance, however, a number of the militia of Chambersburg proceeded to arm themselves and make a show of resistance, but the project was abandoned as entirely futile. One of their first acts on entering was to plant two pieces of artillery in the square of the town commanding the principal thoroughfares, and placing guards at different points. The town was fairly occupied about seven o'clock in the evening. Shortly afterwards a large portion of them made directly for the warehouse and cars, in which were stored a great quantity of Government goods, consisting principally of uniforms and a small quantity of boots. Not long afterwards the whole town was converted into one vast dressing-room. On every hotel porch, at every corner, on the greater portion of street-doorsteps—in fact, all over the town, might be seen rebel cavalry donning Yankee uniforms and throwing their own worn-out and faded garments into the street. In many instances one man would ensconce his pedastals into two or three new pairs of pants, as many coats, and with the same number of caps hanging about him. The streets became full of dirty rebel clothing. It is a noticeable fact that many of them had on Union uniforms when they entered the town, and a number of their horses were marked 'U.S.' During the night, until daybreak, a portion of them scoured the country round in quest of horses, and captured about six hundred. Ten of them belonged to the Hon. A. K. McClure, and were fine animals. The rebels fed their horses at the corn-fields around Chambersburg. The road for five or six miles towards Harrisburg is strewn with corn-stalks that were gathered in the fields and brought to the edge of the road for the horses. The horses of those who remained in the town were ranged along the streets facing the sidewalks, and remained there for the night, the riders lying around in different directions. It is not known that they made any attempt to enter a single private house. The taverns were all visited directly after they arrived, and a considerable quantity of whisky purchased, for which payment was generally proffered in Confederate scrip. The men wore, as a general thing, friendly and even socially disposed towards the inhabitants, entering into conversation with the citizens in the taverns, barber shops, &c. In one instance one of them entered a tavern in which were several citizens, and slightly hesitated at the door. Some one remarked, 'Come in, we won't hurt you, whereupon he entered, remarking, 'Well, perhaps not; not one of you Yankees lie so.' With the exception of the occurrences above related, the night was quietly spent. Preparations for leaving the town were commenced about daylight. Combustibles were placed in the railroad depot, the warehouse in which Government stores were kept, and the machine shop, and a train laid to the powder magazine at the warehouse. The stolen horses were got together, a large Government waggon with four horses and two or three ambulances found in the town were well filled with military clothing, &c., and each cavalry man had a quantity of clothing piled up before and behind him, on his horse, in many instances the pile reaching up to his chin. Three locomotives and the same number of passenger cars belonging to the Cumberland Valley Railroad were then utterly destroyed; the buildings stated above were fired and totally consumed. They waited long enough to see that the destruction would be complete, and at eight o'clock in the morning the whole party left the town, each man and a horse a small-sized clothing establishment. The noise occasioned by the

Provincial News.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—AN INTERPRETER CONVICTED OF STEALING A BILL OF EXCHANGE.—At the Bristol Quarter Sessions, Charles Lundgren, 45, an interpreter, was indicted for stealing a bill of exchange from Captain Ernest August Henelius, of the foreign barque *Alka*, on Sept. 27. Lundgren was a Swede, conversant with the Swedish and North European languages, and on that account much employed by foreign shippers and captains at Bristol as an interpreter. In the present case, Captain Henelius, who had employed prisoner previously, was engaged writing a letter to his employer, a gentleman of the name of Carl Greenfeldt, residing at Mycariboy, Finland, enclosing a bill of exchange for £218 odd, which he had that day received in payment of deals sold to Messrs. Price and Co., of Gloucester, when the prisoner called upon him. He read over the letter to the prisoner, and was proceeding to write another, when the latter suggested that the first letter would be too late for the post, and offered to go and get it posted and registered. He went out and returned with the Post-office receipt for the letter, but the bill of exchange must have been abstracted, as the prisoner, or some other person, presented it at Stuckey's Bank in Bristol, where it was not discounted, the prisoner not being known, but afterwards he passed it with an endorsement in Swedish, of Carl Greenfeldt's signature, to Messrs. Tratman, brothers, ship-chandlers, from whom he bought about £18 worth of goods. These gentlemen made inquiries which satisfied them about the bill, which they discounted, giving the prisoner the goods, and a cheque for the balance in change, but shortly after the fraud was discovered. The prisoner was sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—DISCOVERY OF A HUMAN SKELETON AT BINGHAM, NOTTS.—A few days ago some workmen, while excavating the foundation for a stable at Bingham, Notts, found, about a foot from the surface, a human skeleton. The skull and jaw-bones, with the teeth, were in a good state of preservation, and when found the face of the skull was downwards. It is supposed that centuries must have elapsed since the remains were deposited—it is thought by the hands of a murderer. The bones have been removed to the churchyard.

YORKSHIRE.—SERIOUS INCENDIARY FIRES NEAR SHEFFIELD.—During the past few days there has been considerable destruction of property and great alarm excited by the occurrence of several serious fires, which there can be no doubt have been caused by an incendiary. The series commenced at Barbot Hall Farm, the property of Mr. W. V. Jackson. The extensive farm buildings were ignited, and although by the strenuous exertions of the firemen a gigantic conflagration which at one time appeared imminent was averted, the damage which was done amounted to £1,000. On the next evening, but one fire broke out on the farm premises of Mr. Radley, at Olley. Several large wheat stacks were destroyed, and the damage was estimated at £400. Previous to the fire Mr. Radley received a letter through the post, in which the writer threatened to level him and his neighbour, Mr. Green, "to the ground" for the part they had taken in inducing the agent of Earl Manvers to build a blacksmith's shop for a non-union man at Beighton. The village of Handsworth Woodhouse, five miles from Sheffield, has been the scene of four serious fires, each of which has been distinctly shown to be the act of an incendiary. A large quantity of farm produce has been destroyed, and the local insurance offices will be large sufferers. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood have been kept in a constant state of alarm, and they have resolved to organize a "night watch" in aid of the efforts of the police to discover the incendiary.

LANCASHIRE.—SUICIDE OF A WIFE AND NARROW ESCAPE OF A HUSBAND.—On Saturday an inquest was held at Wigan on the body of Harriet Mortlock, aged thirty-seven, and residing in Maxwell's-yard, Wigan. On the previous Wednesday evening the deceased returned home intoxicated, and her husband reproaching her with her condition, she threatened to drown herself. The deceased was taken up-stairs by the husband, who was going to put her to bed, when she suddenly rushed out of the house, and then, by a passage, reached the river Douglas, into which she plunged. The husband followed, but was only in time to hear the splash as the deceased jumped into the water. Forgetting that the river was very much swollen owing to the heavy rains, he too sprang into the stream; but, owing to the darkness of the night, he was unable to find his wife. Though able to swim, the current proved too strong for him, and he was borne along for thirty or forty yards, the force of the stream being such as to whirl him head over heels several times. By exerting all his strength he at last succeeded in reaching the bank. Verdict, "Temporary insanity."

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE AT BLACKBURN.—Much gloom and consternation was thrown over the town of Blackburn on Saturday by the fact that Mr. J. Withers, land surveyor and agent to the Archbishop of Canterbury for this district, had committed suicide by hanging himself to the stair rail in his own office, Clayton-street, Blackburn. He was found by a friend, Mr. Cartwright, who had called to see him, suspended by the neck with a silk pocket handkerchief. He immediately got assistance, had him cut down, and secured the aid of two medical men, but all attempts to restore life were unavailing. For the past few months the deceased had suffered from aberration of the mind, but from what cause remains to be explained. He was about forty-five years of age, and has left a widow and family.

AN AFFECTING SIGHT.

A very touching sight was witnessed inside Shields Lighthouse on Sunday afternoon towards high-water, as a considerable group of sailors wives were gathered together to watch the approach of the few straggling light colliers that have reached port approach the harbour. These craft are of the fleet of light vessels that were caught by the late storms on their passage down from London, and driven out to sea. About sixteen sail arrived in safety on Sunday, and it would have been a hard heart that could not have sympathized with those women who welcomed their husbands or sweethearts once more home in safety, all the perils past. Three or four old Tyne collier brigs have disappeared during the past week. The Commerce, the Robert and Margaret, and the Hugh, very "old standards," have foundered, the Hugh drowning four, and the Robert and Margaret six unfortunate seamen. If the Robert and Margaret had reigned another year she would have been 100 years of age. The very old class of collier brigs is gradually disappearing, and it is not very probable that the same style of vessel will be renewed. Iron screw colliers must eventually absorb a large amount of the coal coasting trade.

LORD BROUGHAM AND THE "INFANT WONDER."—Lord Brougham is still sojourning at Brougham Hall, and enjoys most excellent health. On Friday evening the performance at the theatre in Penrith were under his lordship's patronage; and on entering the building he was received with enthusiastic cheering. A little boy, seven years of age, who has been astonishing the visitors of this place of amusement by his representation of various characters, seemed particularly to attract the notice of his lordship, who remained to the close of the performance. The following morning Lord Brougham sent his carriage for the "little wonder," and on his arriving at Brougham Hall, took him by the hand and conducted him through the house and grounds. The little fellow, after a few complimentary words from his lordship, left with a handsome present in his pocket.—*Carlisle Journal*.

General News.

WE (Liverpool P. S.) beg to inform our readers that Mr. Sothern (Lord Dundreary) was born in Liverpool, and is the son of the late John Sothern, Esq., who represented Great George Ward in the town council about the year 1843. In early life Mr. Sothern was in a leading shipbroker's office in this town.

The example of the International Exhibition seems not to have been lost on the Ports. A grand show of native produce and industry has been decided on, and will be held in Stamboul during the coming Ramazan. To secure the successful realization of this idea, special local delegates are to be at once appointed in all the principal districts of the empire, for the collection and classification of samples. These last will be forwarded to the capital free of all custom or other dues, and at the Government expense. As in London, sales of the articles exhibited will be allowed, and, in the event of their not being so disposed of, the Government will engage to buy all the smaller parcels. Prizes, in money or medals, will also be given to the successful exhibitors. Wholly new though this idea is in the history of Turkish industry, and obviously suggested also by the London enterprise, if intelligently and energetically carried out, it can hardly fail to have the best effect as a stimulant to the agriculturists and manufacturers of the country. The initiative in the matter is, we believe, wholly due to the Grand Vizier.—*Levant Her. Id.*

On Wednesday morning week, a woman named Mrs. Watkins, wife of a blacksmith, residing in Denham-yard, Drury-lane, who had been twenty-one days in prison for breaking her furniture and otherwise acting violently when a distress warrant was put into her house, completed the term of her sentence. On coming out she commenced drinking excessively, drink being a luxury she had been for three weeks deprived of, and she wrought herself up to a pitch almost amounting to madness. While the effects of the drink were still on her, she was talking to her husband and some friends at the corner of White Hart-street, Drury-lane, in the neighbourhood of which she is very well known, and in the course of the conversation she made use of the expression, "God strike me down dead!" when, almost before she had got the words out of her mouth, she fell on a heap of stones in the street, and on being picked up life was found to be extinct.

The police, says *Galignani*, have just arrested one of those dangerous female thieves who assume the garb of charity to effect their robberies. These women always assume the appearance of great devotion, are constant in their attendance at church, and under pretence of being charged with the distribution of the charities of the wealthy, obtain from the ecclesiastics and officials of the church the addresses of poor persons who have known happier days. They then visit the parties at home, and under the pretence of ascertaining what may be most wanted, look over their linen and effects, and steal whatever they can get hold of. Madame Saquai, the once famous rope-dancer, was plundered in the same way last year, and two days since a Madame P., living in the Rue Sainte-Marie, was robbed in the same manner. Having discovered her loss, she went to communicate the news to a friend as poor as herself; but she found her friend in high spirits because she had just met a *dame de charite* at church, who had promised to visit her and relieve her necessities. As the description of this benevolent lady exactly corresponded to the person who had robbed Madame P., the police were invited to be present at her visit. When she came she proved to be the very person who had committed that and several other robberies, and was accordingly sent to the Prefecture of Police to await her trial.

WALKING the other day on the beach at Biarritz, Louis Napoleon happened to meet an intelligent-looking boy, about eight or nine years old, who took off his hat as he passed. The Emperor courteously returned the salute, and said, "Are you English?"—"No," answered the boy very quickly, and drawing himself up, "I'm American."—"Oh, American, are you? Well, tell me, which are you for, North or South?"—"Well, fathers for the North. I believe, but I am certainly for the South. For which of them are you, sir?" The Emperor stroked his moustache, smiled, hesitated a little, and then said, "I am for both."—"For both, are you? Well, that's not so easy, and it will please nobody." The Emperor let the conversation drop, and walked on.

It is said that when the Cabinet of the Tuilleries complained to that of St. James's of the aid sent out to Garibaldi, when in Sicily, by his English friends, Lord Palmerston replied that he could not prevent the sending out of private assistance to Garibaldi any more than the sending of several millions to the Pope.

The colonelcy of a battalion of the 60th Rifles is rendered vacant by the death of Lieutenant-General Sir William G. Moore, K.C.B.

A PRIEST named Abbe Bieron, cure of Saint Leomer, in the department of the Vienne, France, has just been convicted of debauching several young girls, among whom were some entrusted to him by their parents to prepare them for the first communion; the scoundrel is sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

ONE of the most melancholy cases of loss of life during the late gales occurred off Harwich. The schooner *Thrifty*, of Gooles, from Grangemouth for Rouen, with pig iron, grounded on the Long Sand, and became a wreck. The crew and two women (wives of the captain and mate) took to the rigging, and remained there, when, after several unsuccessful attempts, the crew of the smack *Paragon*, of Harwich, reached the wreck and took off the crew, four in number; but both the poor women were dead, having died from exposure to the waves during such a fearful gale. The smack landed the crew at Harwich, and attempted to recover the bodies of the unfortunate women. The body of the captain's wife was found to be gone from the lashing. The mate's wife was taken off and conveyed to Harwich.

JOE BALD SO, a coloured man, died in the Zaneyville (Ohio) Infirmary last month, aged one hundred and twenty-one years. He was a Virginian slave in the days of Washington.

The army of Austria consists of 738,344 men, of Prussia, 719,092; of Russia, 850,000; of France, 626,000; of Great Britain and India, 531,827; of Denmark, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, 303,497; making a total of 3,771,760 men. The annual cost of maintaining, clothing, and paying these men, at an average of £10 a man, is over £150,000,000, which, added to £170,000,000, an amount which so many able-bodied men would produce if engaged in useful labour, makes an annual loss to the wealth of the European continent of nearly £300,000,000.

A woman was convicted in Newhaven last week as a "common scold," under an old statute. The law applies only to females.—*American Paper*.

The other afternoon, five privates of the 2nd battalion of Coldstream Guards, now on garrison duty at Windsor Castle, committed a murderous attack on one of the royal keepers in Windsor Great Park, named Mortlake. Irritated, it is supposed, by his cautioning them against breaking down the trees in getting chesnuts, they came with five of their comrades, saying, "You are the fellow we want," and immediately knocked him down, and while on the ground kicked him in the most savage manner about the head and body, his skull being fractured, and his front teeth kicked out. He was removed to his home at Old Windsor.

A HANDSOME timepiece has been presented to the Rev. W. Hilton Hutchinson who had been rector of Lacey, Lincolnshire, for the last thirteen years, and is now removing to Welney Rectory, Norfolk.

The French naval division in the Greek waters will be reinforced, in consequence of the movement now going on in that country.

explosion of the powder magazine was so great that it was heard at the distance of several miles down the valley, and gave rise to a report, that spread in that direction, that cannonading was going on at Chambersburg."

The *New York Herald* says the fact that the Confederate screw steamer Alabama has never been in American waters, but only in British waters or on the high seas, may lead to a declaration against England for acts committed by a vessel having no other stamp of nationality than British.

REPORTED BLOCKADE OF BERMUDA BY COMMODORE WILKES.

The *Gladiator*, which has arrived from Bermuda with 1,000 bales of cotton, reports that Commodore Wilkes, late of the San Jacinto, had, with his squadron, blockaded that port, and refused to withdraw his ships at the request of the governor. The *Bermuda Gazette* of an anterior date notes the arrival of Commodore Wilkes's squadron, but that, after saluting Fort Cunningham, he paid his respects to the governor.

Commodore Wilkes, of "Trent" notoriety, having been ordered by the Federal Government of the North American States to proceed to the vicinity of the Bahama Islands, with a view of cutting off all intended supplies from that quarter for the Confederates, the British authorities have very wisely, in the anticipation of any complications which might arise from the excess of energy well known to exist in Flag-officer Wilkes, ordered reinforcements to the admiral in the West Indies. We believe that the Emerald and the Galatea are under immediate orders to proceed to Bermuda, whence they will be sent to any quarter where Sir Alexander Milne may deem their presence necessary. We have no desire to say one word which may be considered to partake of an irritating character, but we must add that the English public were never more sensitive than they are at this present moment in reference to the honour of their flag being maintained. The Americans have only themselves to thank for this peculiar state of nervousness. They out-raged the law of nations when they took from our protection Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and they were too tardy in making the required reparation. The Emerald and Galatea will be hard nuts (although not iron-cased) for any enemy to crack. The former mounts thirty-five heavy guns, she is 2,139 tons, has a nominal steam power of 600 horses, has a complement of 510 officers and men, and is commanded by as dashing a fellow (Arthur Cumming) as the service can boast of. The Galatea mounts 26 heavy guns, she is 3,227 tons, has engines of 800-horse power, has also a crew of 510 officers and men, and is commanded by Rochefort Maguire, a man who has on many an occasion exhibited an enviable coolness under fire, and who stands high in the confidence and affection of those placed under him. Two such ships, with two such leaders as we have described, will be a sensible addition to the expensive squadron which the wretched war now raging between "North and South" has entailed upon us, and which in sheer self-defence we are enforced to keep up on the North American station.—*Army and Navy Gaz. Me.*

IRELAND.

EXPLOSION OF A POWDER-MILL.—A fearful and fatal explosion took place about twelve o'clock on Saturday, at the Royal Gunpowder Mills, Ballincollig, about six miles from Cork, on the southern bank of the Lee. It occurred in a department called the drying-house, a small building divided into three rooms, the central one containing a steam-engine which drives the machinery. There were about thirty barrels of powder in this house. Three men, named Leary, a allysy, and Leahy, were about the premises at the time—Hallissy drying the powder, Leahy in a boat in the adjacent river, and Leary engaged in the engine-room. The explosion blew the building completely to atoms, yet Leary, the man who was in the engine-room, and who at that instant was sitting on the boiler, was found shortly after the accident, stunned, indeed, but, with the exception of a slight bruise on his forehead, otherwise uninjured. The body of Hallissy was found buried beneath the ruins of the building; his chest had been crushed, and life was quite extinct.

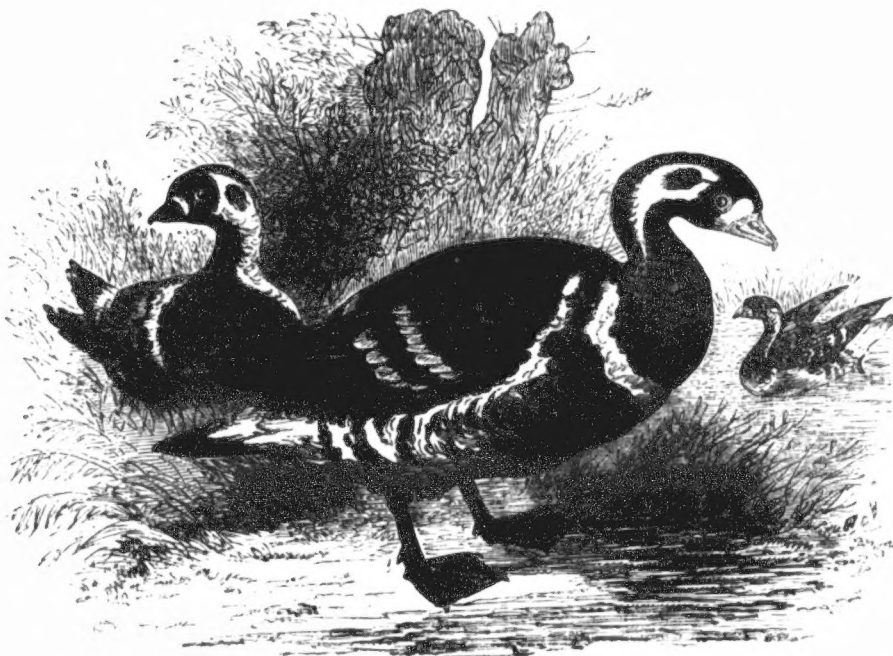
THE DEFALCATIONS OF THE MANAGER OF THE MANCHESTER CITY BANK.

On Monday morning, at the City Police-court, Manchester, Jonah Andrew, a man apparently about thirty-five years of age, was charged with misappropriating certain moneys entrusted to him as a banker. Mr. Richardson, solicitor, read the information upon which the prisoner was apprehended, which was to the effect that on the 21st inst. he was entrusted as a banker, or agent, with £37 17s. 6d., belonging to Mr. Samuel Lyon, with written instructions to apply the money to meet a bill of exchange at the Union Bank, Moorgate-street, London, and that he did in violation of good faith, and illegally, convert such money to his own use and benefit. Sergeant Shandley, of the detective police, asked for a remand for a week, which was granted by the magistrates. Mr. Cobbett asked that the prisoner might be admitted to bail. The magistrates inquired the extent of the charge against the prisoner. Shandley said he had heard of several other cases, and knew of one in particular involving £40. Mr. Superintendent Magbury, of the detective police, said the charge relating to £40 had only been discovered that morning. He had reason to believe that there would be other charges against the prisoner. The magistrates said they had put the question in order to be guided in their decision as to bail. Could Mr. Cobbett find good bail in £200 each? The prisoner: Oh, yes; undoubtedly. Mr. Ross the presiding magistrate, said the prisoner would be admitted to bail in £400, and two sureties in £200 each.

ALLEGED IMPROPER MEDICAL TREATMENT OF A CHILD.

A VERDICT of some interest was given by a jury on Friday, under the direction of Mr. Coroner Walthew. A child sixteen months old had died from acute hydrocephalus, and the medical evidence went to show that death had been accelerated by the administration of a preparation of opium, which the mother of the child had obtained from a Mr. Timpson. Mr. Timpson, it seems, is not a legally qualified practitioner, but he claims for himself that he knows a good deal more than many who are. But he that as it may, it was sought to make him in some degree responsible for the death of the child. The coroner, however, explained the law. Formerly, if a patient died under the wrong treatment of a legally qualified man, it was held to be misadventure, but if the same occurred under the treatment of a man not legally qualified, it was manslaughter. A case which had been decided in the superior courts had, however, changed all that; and it was only when a person totally ignorant of medicine undertook to prescribe that he laid himself open to the charge of manslaughter. Mr. Timpson was not so ignorant, and therefore no charge could be brought against him. The jury agreed to a verdict of death from natural causes.

On Monday evening the capture was effected by Detective-Inspectors Tandy and Manton, accompanied by a detective officer from London, of two persons who are alleged to have been concerned in the notorious bank-note forgeries. Their apprehension was effected, we believe, in the vicinity of Birmingham. It will be remembered, that a large reward has been offered for the capture of the offenders. Great credit is due to the officers concerned for their vigilance in connexion with the affair.



RED-BREASTED GOOSE—ANSER (BERNICLA) RUFICOLLIS.

SPECIMENS OF THE RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, REGENT'S PARK.

SOME beautiful specimens of birds have recently been added to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's-park, three of which we have engraved. The first is the Red-breasted Goose—Anser (Bernicla) Ruficollis. This is a very beautiful species of goose, common on the northern shores of Asia and Europe, occasionally driven by the winds or other circumstances to our shores. From Mr. Gould's noble work, "The Birds of Europe," we learn that the first example known to be captured in England was taken near London in 1776. It is now in the Museum of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; another was taken near Wycliffe, and was kept alive for some years by Mr. Tunstall. A third was killed near Berwick-on-Tweed, and others were found in the hard winter of 1813. On the shores of the Frozen Ocean the red-breasted goose breeds and rears its young. Elder ducks, with their delicate down, breed there, and many a sweet flower—a saxifrage, a poppy—bloom there during the brief, but warm summer.

The Hornbill (Buceros). Dr. Horsfield, the naturalist, thus writes of his observations of this bird in Java:—"The female was actually built into the nest, like 'Sister Anne' by her tyrant lover. The bird—at least, this species—is fed during her constrained imprisonment, when hatching her eggs, by her loving mate, who leaves a hole for breath, and as an adit for the food of his wife."

The Harpy Eagle (Thrasaetus Destructor) is a very large bird. Its predatory habits are denoted by its robust legs and the curvature of its beak and talons. The usual length of an adult specimen is three feet and a half from beak to tail. From all that we can infer, we are disposed to conclude that it combines the manners of the woodland hawks and vultures; but, as the districts over which they extend are varied, and difficult to be explored, it is not easy to speak with decision respecting it. We shall in future numbers illustrate other specimens of birds and animals in the above matchless collection.

A SERIES OF FRAUDS AND FORGERIES.

At the Old Bailey sessions, Luther Yeates, 50, described as an accountant, pleaded guilty to eight indictments charging him with feloniously forging and uttering deeds relating to property belonging to the late Admiral Sir John West in the parish of Lambeth. Mr. F. H. Lewis (who, with Mr. Montagu Williams, was instructed to prosecute) addressed his lordship, and said that, although the prisoner had pleaded guilty to eight distinct charges of forging deeds, by means of which forgeries he had succeeded in obtaining many thousands of pounds, he was compelled to inform the court that these did not comprise the total number of offences of this description that he had committed, for no less than sixteen forgeries had now been discovered, by which the prisoner

had come into possession of more than £10,000. He believed that until about three years ago the prisoner had filled a very respectable position, and had been employed as clerk to many eminent solicitors and conveyancers, and there was very little doubt that the knowledge and information he had by this circumstance been enabled to obtain were the means that placed him in a position to commit these frauds, which had been carried out with a great deal of skill and ingenuity. After the prisoner left the employment to which he had referred he took an office in the City, where he ostensibly carried on the business of an accountant, but he believed there was no doubt that the real object the prisoner had in view was to carry out these frauds and to enable him to do so with greater facility. The property that had been made the subject of the forgeries to which the prisoner had pleaded guilty belonged to the late Admiral Sir John West, and was entailed to his son Lieutenant-Colonel West, who was the prosecutor on the present occasion, and in point of fact neither of these gentlemen had the power of granting leases. The prisoner, however, by a series of inge-

nious proceedings, and by employing different solicitors, forging receipts for ground rents, and effecting pretended policies of insurance, had succeeded in making charges upon the property to the extent of a great many thousand pounds, and at the time he was taken into custody the draught of another forged instrument was found in his possession by which he would in the course of a few days more have been enabled to obtain possession of a further sum of £560, and there was very little doubt that, if he had not been detected, he would have persevered in the system of fraud, and have obtained a much larger amount of money. Lieutenant-Colonel West had, under these circumstances, felt that not only his duty to the public rendered it necessary that he should come forward as the prosecutor, but also to show that the leases and pretended charges that had been made upon the property by the prisoner were false and fraudulent in every respect.

The Recorder inquired what amount of money the prisoner had obtained by means of the deeds that were the subjects of the indictments to which he had pleaded guilty.

Mr. Lewis said he was unable to give the exact sum, but he believed it to be between £6,000 and £7,000.

The prisoner interposed, and said that it was not so much. The Recorder, in passing sentence, said that the prisoner had pleaded guilty to no less than eight distinct charges of forging deeds, and there could be no doubt that he had availed himself of the information and skill in the capacity he had formerly occupied to commit the offence, which had been carried out with very great ingenuity, and by means of which he had succeeded in obtaining very considerable sums of money. He could not find any one circumstance of mitigation in his conduct, and only a very few years ago his life would have been forfeited. It was the duty of the court, therefore, on the present occasion, to mark its sense of the character of the offence by a very severe sentence, and to order him to be kept in penal servitude for the period twenty years.

A Society, under the designation of the "Bulmer and Ainsty Association," has been formed for the object of rescuing female servants from the annoyances and evils attending "hirings" in open market-places. The society has opened head-offices in Malton, York, and Selby, for gratuitous registration of servants' names and requirements, and where masters can make engagements for a small fee. These will be in operation henceforward; and the society offers inducements to obtain the attendance of the young women at the rooms provided, at the same time abstaining from interference with the system of "hiring peniles," or any of the old customs. The society aims at the ultimate extinction of statute hirings.

The district to which the Jersey Courts of Forfeiture belong have granted £5 from their Management Fund towards the relief of the Lancashire operatives.

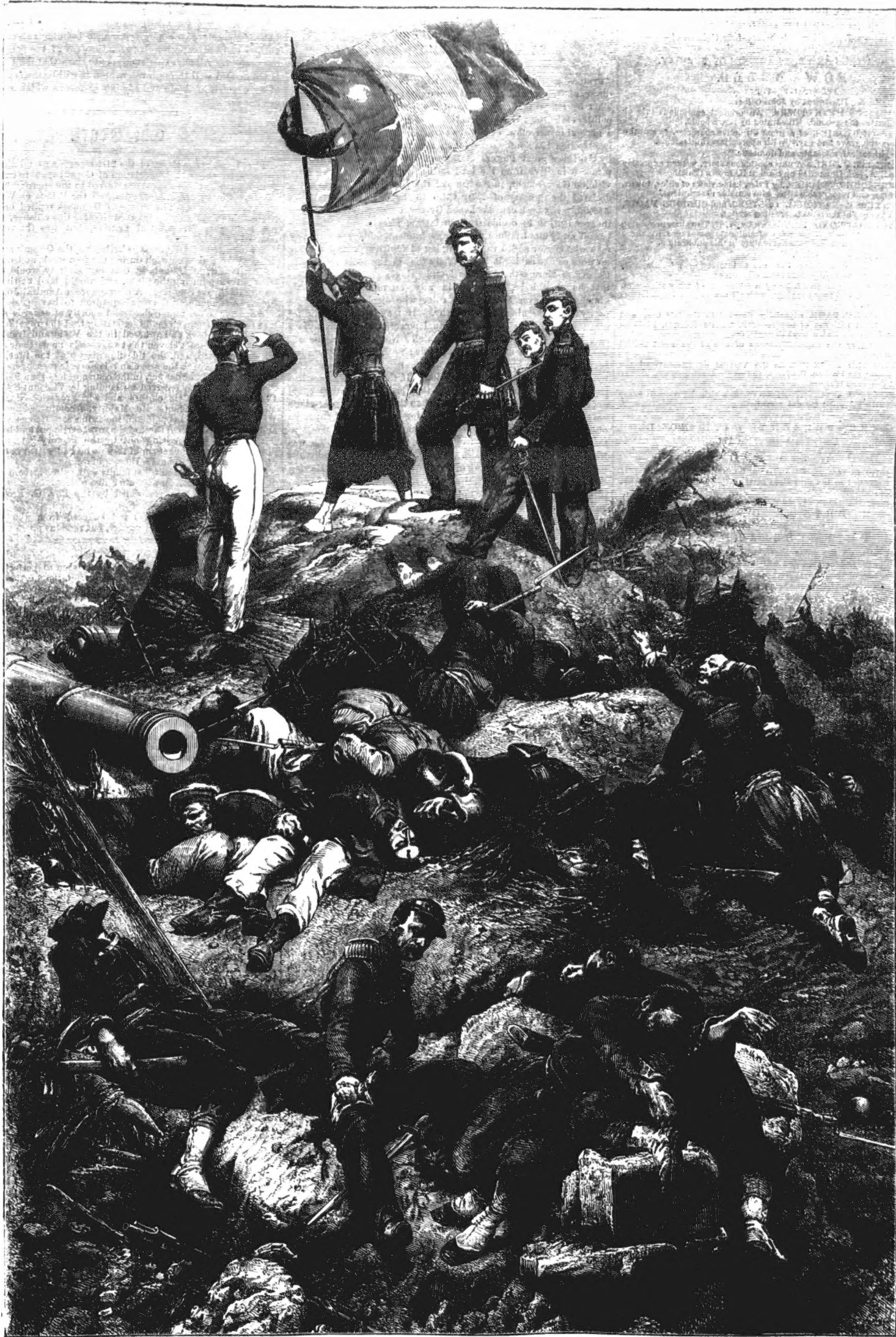


THE HORNBILL (BUCEROS).



THE HARPY EAGLE (THRASAETUS DESTRUCTOR).

Vol. 11 No. 1 1881



TAKING OF THE MALAKHOFF, AFTER A PAINTING BY HORACE VERNET. (See page 58).

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NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 25, Wellington-street, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D. D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W. L. B.	
		A. M.	P. M.
1 S	All Saints Day	93 0	10 11
2 S	20th Sunday after Trinity	10 50	11 20
3 M	11 50	...
4 T	King William III. landed, 1688	0 15	0 35
5 W	Gunpowder Plot, 1605	1 0	1 20
6 T	1 40	1 55
7 F	2 15	2 35

MOON'S CHANGES.—Full Moon 6th, 12h. 49m. p.m.

SUNDAY LESSONS.

Morning.

2.—Joel 2; Luke 18.

Evening.

Micah 2; Colossians 2.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Z. (Birmingham).—The celebrated party name "Tory" is derived from "toringham," to pursue for the sake of plunder. The name was given to certain parties in Ireland, who, refusing to submit to Cromwell, retired into bogs and fastnesses, formed bodies of armed men, supporting themselves and their followers by the depredations which they committed on the occupiers of their estates. They were called "Rapparees" and "Tories." It was during the reign of Charles II. that the appellations of "Whig" and "Tory" became permanently affixed to the two great political parties. The first had long been given to the Covenanters on the west of Scotland, and was supposed to convey a charge of seditious and anti-monarchical principles.

UNFORTUNATE.—You have rendered yourself liable to remain in the house, or pay rent for the same for another year. A fresh notice to quit will be necessary to be given at the proper time.

PUBLIC.—Publicans may recover for a beer score in the County Court however much that amount may be.
R. (Kew).—A person who receives a forged £5 note from an individual whom he knows can compel the latter to give him £5 for it. If after passing through several hands it can be traced no farther, the last holder must bear the loss.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1862.

AFTER a reign of just thirty years King Otho has abandoned the throne of Greece, and the Bavarian dynasty has come to an end. This event, which may prove of the utmost importance in the politics of Eastern Europe, has been brought about by what seems a general insurrection of the Greek people. Four or five days of insurrection have sufficed to sweep away a monarchy established by the three great Powers of Europe, and to send their chosen prince a fugitive from the land he has misgoverned. The Provisional Government, in the name of the people and the army, has declared the dynasty of King Otho to be deposed, a National Assembly has been convoked, and Greece, once more kingless and independent, is to decide its own future, after a generation has passed away amid failure and disappointment. For the unhappy man who is now added to the long list of fugitive princes we fear no word can be said. It is not likely that in the most retrograde Cabinet of Europe there will be found a single politician to advise that he should be supported in any attempt to regain his kingdom. If ever there was a ruler who displayed total incapacity for governing, it was Otho. It may truly be said of him that since he succeeded to actual power, twenty-seven years ago, he has done nothing but mischief. Not one single benefit has his initiative conferred on his people; not one good lesson has been taught them by his example; not one bad propensity corrected by the firmness of his administration. If the three Powers had purposed the ruin of the little State they had fostered, they could not have chosen a better instrument than this weak prince, whose only mental endowment was the cunning on which bad rulers so often pride themselves, but which in the end generally tends to their own mortification. It is, no doubt, true that King Otho was from the beginning in a false position. He was chosen by the protecting Powers to be King of Greece when a mere boy. Having been accepted by the National Assembly, he took the title of King in October, 1832, being then only seventeen years of age. When he went to Greece he found the kingdom governed by a regency, which even then was under pedantic European influences, endeavouring to introduce into Greece the rigid and complicated forms by which administration is conducted in Continental States; and already the example of wasting money which had been lent to nourish the infant nation in its weakness was set by the politicians of the regency. When Otho came to the legal age of twenty, and began the duties of his office in June, 1835, Greece had already begun to disappoint its friends, and to move rapidly down the decline which leads to bankruptcy and anarchy. But, whatever lessons he had been taught, he soon showed that he could better the instruction. A breach between him and his subjects was soon made by his scandalous partiality for the Bavarians who accompanied him. Into the scandals of the period we need not enter, but the effect of them was to fill the Greeks with the utmost detestation of the German Court. Not only were Bavarians appointed to offices of profit, but their influence was supreme in the management of public affairs, which were conducted with an ignorance and extravagance hardly conceivable. Although during the greater part of his reign Otho has been nominally a constitutional Sovereign, yet he really never hesitated to impose his own will and the will of his Queen on the nation, and to strengthen his authority by every device that the worst Germans or the worst Greeks could suggest to him. And now the end has come. The Greek people, seeing the kingdom becoming every day the object of greater dislike and contempt in Europe, and knowing that it is to the Government that this unhappy condition of things is owing, has at last rid itself of the incubus which has weighed upon it for thirty years.

It is understood that the bishops are consulting about a combined movement by which the whole country will be appealed to at once on behalf of the sufferers in Lancashire. All the churches in England and Wales, it is said, are to be opened on the same day for service and collections in aid of the Lancashire operatives on the approach of winter. This intention on the part of the clergy offers the right opportunity for a few words of plain truth about the way in which the great calamity is met, and ought to be met, by the country at large. We shall say what we know, and what many or most people think who can be said to think on the subject; and no one whose honest interest is in the relief of the sufferers will take amiss what we say. As far as we know, nobody is satisfied with what is done. There are multitudes who skim the subscription lists with admiration, other multitudes who only look at the sum totals, and others still who suppose that parliament did what was proper before it separated; but we do not call this being satisfied with what is done for Lancashire. There can be no satisfaction short of knowing that the people there are so fed, clothed, and warmed, as to keep up their health; and so treated as to keep up their spirits. This has not been done yet, during the finest weeks of a sunny autumn; and now that the dreary equinoctial weather has brought winter into full view, we are all asking what state Lancashire will be in by Christmas if we do not extend and improve our dealing with the distress. Here is a national calamity, more like the famines and plagues of the middle ages than any modern experience of distress. Here is a population—a special class of four millions of people—actually destitute, whom it is the business (and ought to be the pleasure) of the nation to carry on to better times in good health and heart. Here is a nation as generous as any in the world, and accustomed to give very largely to starving people in Ireland, in India, and to French, and Dutch, and Swiss sufferers from flood or fire. Here is a country full of wealth, rich enough to meet any temporary pressure on its resources. Here are hundreds of good men and women ready and willing to help in relieving the sufferers, and, no doubt, thousands waiting to help. Here are all the means. Why is the thing not done? The general mis-

giving is that nothing adequate to the need will be done unless some of the best organized heads in the country will go to work to organize these means into a comprehensive and all-pervading system of collection and administration. Before they prepare their sermons for the relief services, let the clergy consider what our churches do from year to year. No difficulty is found in raising £100,000 for missions or other objects of pious charity. Let them consider how munificent have been the subscriptions for various cases of suffering between the year of the potato rot and the present. All our experience goes to show that if all Lancashire is not carried well through the winter, it will be the fault of those of us who fail to obtain and administer means which are ready in our hands.

The Court.

The Danish *Dagbladet* of the 21st reports a grand dinner given recently by the Rifle Association of Copenhagen to celebrate the King's birthday. One speaker referred to the approaching alliance between the Princess Alexandra and the Prince of Wales in the most cordial terms. The Prince of Denmark replied on behalf of his daughter, and said he thanked God for this alliance, which was not contracted for political motives, but was the result of reciprocal affection.

A succession of telegrams referring to the Queen's arrival were daily received at Woolwich during the past week, and on Saturday a special message announced that her Majesty would cross over from Antwerp during the night, and would land at the dockyard about midday on Sunday. A message from Admiral Johnstone, at Sheerness, announced the royal squadron to have passed the Nore at a quarter before nine o'clock, and shortly afterwards a telegram was received from Greenwich, stating that the royal family were about to disembark and proceed in the Vivid and Irene to Woolwich. At half-past eleven the two vessels made their appearance off the dockyard, and the tide flowing up at the time, they were enabled to approach the stage and land their passengers in safety, and without risk of danger, in the course of less than half an hour.

Her Majesty was received on landing by Viscount Sydney, Lord Chamberlain, in plain clothes, and Sir Frederick Nicolson, Commodore-Superintendent. Her Majesty, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Prince Leopold and the Princesses Helena and Louisa, and suite, then entered three of the royal carriages, and immediately left the dockyard, passing out by the Factory-gate, to the great disappointment and chagrin of those who had waited in expectation of their leaving by the main thoroughfare.

The Queen, with the royal family and suite, arrived at Osborne on Sunday afternoon shortly after five o'clock.

Divine service was performed by the Rev. G. Prothero soon afterwards.

Her Majesty's health has not suffered from the trials and fatigues of the journey and voyage, but remains much the same.

FOX-HUNTING.

THIS national and exciting sport is only seen to perfection in the British Islands, more especially in England, the northern counties of which are the paradise of those who love sport, particularly that of "following the hounds." At the meet, as at the subscription-room at Tattersall's, all are upon good terms, if not on good horses, and the only rivalry being that of taking the lead. The mishaps in the field may, by the uninitiated, be thought to be numerous; but, looking at the numbers that frequently assemble, and the bold riding now in vogue, it is surprising how few accidents occur. The months of October and November are usually devoted to cub-hunting, and to wake up the older foxes by rattling them from cover to cover. The present season, although introduced by wet weather, heavy grounds, and a late harvest, will, no doubt, be productive of the usual sport; but a ten-mile spin, at this time of the year, must be no joke to a horse that has been in lavender all the summer; and no doubt there are more accidents in the autumn than in the spring, owing to the fences being somewhat "blind," from their not being yet denuded of leaves. Many kennels contain as many as seventy or eighty couple of working hounds, and hunt every day in the week, and have always a good attendance. Indeed, we have known as many 1,000 red-coats to meet at the Duke of Beaufort's, at Badminton, upon the occasion of a "lawn meeting," and Mr. B., the chimney-sweep, in his sable dress, in the midst of them, as independent as my lord, though taking every care to give a wide berth to the spotless unmentionables of the swells. This exhilarating sport usually terminates after the first kill of an April fox; the hounds are then sent out to "grass," the horses to their loose boxes and straw-yards, and the season is wound up by sundry dinners to huntsmen and whips, accompanied generally by the presentation of a handsome subscription. May fox-hunting never die, say we.

A CLERGYMAN CONVICTED OF POACHING.

AT the weekly petty sessions of Chorley, the Rev. John Williams, incumbent of Euxton, was charged with trespassing in pursuit of game on land belonging to Mr. T. B. Crosse, in the township of Whittle-le-Woods. Mr. Wilson, who appeared for the complainant, stated that his client felt it incumbent upon him to notice this offence on the part of the rev. defendant, inasmuch as it was not the first offence of which he had had to complain. The defendant had often had the privilege of going upon Mr. Crosse's land with others, and he had frequently taken the opportunity of poaching thereon. On one occasion he was seen in a tree with a gun in his hand, on another he was secreted in a pit, and on a third he was found hidden in a hut which he had erected to carry on these practices. Edward Segar, gamekeeper to Mr. Crosse, deposed that on the 18th of October he saw the defendant on a cop of land belonging to Mr. Crosse, but close to land in the occupation of one Peter Smith. There was also a ditch and a hedge near, but ditch, cop, and hedge were all on Mr. Crosse's land. The defendant was looking in the direction of the wood, and he had a gun in his hand. Game occasionally came through the hedge near which he was standing. Corroborative evidence having been given by Mr. Crosse, Mr. Williams admitted the facts as stated by the gamekeeper, but contended that the hedge was the boundary of the land. Mr. Crosse evidently entertained an erroneous idea as to the boundary. The defendant said he did not profess to be a sportsman, but sedentary habits did not agree with him, and he went out occasionally. The bench informed defendant that the law provided him with a remedy, if the boundary, as stated, was not correct, but the ditch would have to be considered the line. After a short consultation, their worship inflicted a fine of 20s. and costs. Another case of a similar character was then preferred, the offence having been committed on the 15th instant. The rev. gentleman admitted that he was guilty of the second offence if guilty of the first, and he was again fined 20s.

A MAN-EATING TIGER.—We observe in the *Bangalore Herald* an advertisement, published by the Commissioner in Mysore, offering a reward of 500 rupees for the destruction of a man-eating tiger, which has justly become the terror of a portion of the Nagar division, having killed, and we presume, eaten, nearly two hundred persons within the last eighteen months.—*Allen's Indian Mail*.

HORRIBLE MURDER OF A YOUNG WOMAN NEAR CIRENCESTER.

On Friday morning, Oct. 21st, a painful state of excitement was created at Cirencester by the news that a barbarous murder had been committed at the pleasant village of Rendcombe, about four miles from this town, on the Cheltenham road, the victim being a young woman named Sarah Moss, and the murderer a man named William Mealing, who was engaged to be married to her. The murderer, William Mealing, is about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, and is an agricultural labourer. He is a tall, thin young man, with a stupid expression of countenance and ungainly appearance, and with the stooping gait peculiar to men of his class. His father and mother are labourers in the same parish, and bear a respectable character.

Sarah Moss, the unfortunate victim of this dreadful crime, was about thirty-two years of age, and had been for some time staying at the cottage of her father, which is situated in a secluded part of the road near the vicarage. She was formerly in the service of the Rev. Mr. Bloxsome, of North Nibley, and while there she formed an acquaintance with a young farmer in the neighbourhood, which resulted in the birth of a child, which has since been affiliated, and the father contributes 1s. 6d. a week towards its maintenance. This child is now three years old. The mother of Sarah Moss was burnt to death some years since, and the household, until about last Christmas, consisted of the deceased, her child, and her father, an infirm old man of about eighty, and very deaf.

Shortly before Christmas last the prisoner left his father's cottage and went to live at Moss's house. A very close intimacy took place between Mealing and Sarah, and the woman was at the time of the murder very near her confinement. The banns of marriage between the parties had been put up at the parish church, and the wedding was to have taken place immediately. The deceased had saved 6s. or 7s. for the occasion, and she asked Mr. Riddiford, the superintendent of police at Cirencester, to intercede for her with the father of her child, and try and get him to give her 5s. more. Mr. Riddiford, it appears, was in the habit of receiving her child's money from its father, and handing it over to her.

On Saturday week the parties quarrelled, and Mealing returned to his father's house, where he stayed until the Thursday, the night of the murder. On Thursday evening he went back to Moss's, and his mother and other persons were present. A reconciliation apparently took place, and Mealing and his victim went to bed, her child sleeping in the same room.

About three o'clock on Friday morning Mealing went to the house of Timothy Tarrant, the village blacksmith, who is also the parish constable, and having aroused him, informed him that he had killed a woman. Tarrant at first was incredulous, but at length he went to Moss's cottage, and there he found that it was too true, the poor woman being quite dead, with her throat cut and her child crying, as if it could realize the dreadful facts of the case. An alarm was created, and the prisoner, who had gone to his father's house, was placed in safe charge. Information was sent to Cirencester, and Mr. Superintendent Riddiford, Sergeant Eyles, and Constables Dash and Townsend were as soon as possible at the scene of the awful tragedy.

Mr. Riddiford found the body of the ill-fated woman lying on her left side, with her arms crossed, and her throat literally cut from ear to ear. The bed was saturated with her blood, which was running through the floor into the room below. From the calm and tranquil appearance of the body, and the absence of blood on her hands, it would seem that the murder was suddenly committed, while she was asleep. Mr. Riddiford has possession of the instrument with which the fatal deed was perpetrated. It is a common black-handled razor, with the words "shilling razor" on the blood-stained blade, which is also notched like a saw.

The prisoner, after murdering the poor woman, robbed her of her purse and money. This money, consisting of six sovereigns, one half-sovereign, a threepenny piece, and three pennyworth of coppers, he gave to his mother, from whom Mr. Riddiford received it.

The dreadful news was attempted to be communicated to the aged father of the deceased, but he appeared to persist in believing that she had only been confined, for which he was prepared, but the real facts he could not be made to comprehend.

The prisoner was removed to the police-station at Cirencester in a most dejected and miserable plight, and evidently fully alive to the horrors of his position. His face and hands were blood-stained.

On Saturday last the prisoner William Mealing was brought before the Cirencester magistrates, Mr. T. W. C. Master, chairman; the Rev. Thomas Maurice; Mr. Frederick Cripps; and Mr. Thomas Warner. The prisoner, who sat with his face laid in his hand during the whole examination, declined to put any question to either of the witnesses, observing that he could not say anything, for his head was so bad, and that was the cause of all this. The depositions were then read over, and the prisoner was cautioned. He made no answer to the charge. The Chairman then said the prisoner was fully committed for trial at the next assizes on the charge of wilful murder. Prisoner (mournfully): I hope I shall be dead before then. He was then removed.

On Saturday afternoon an inquest was held at Rendcombe, on the body of the unfortunate young woman, before Mr. J. G. Ball, coroner.

The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against William Mealing, and the coroner issued his warrant for his committal to Gloucester gaol.

The prisoner, during his detention in Leicester police-station, behaved in a very eccentric manner. At times he knelt down and prayed most earnestly, and at others he laughed and made light of his position. On Saturday morning he said his heart was broken, and was coming out at his side.

THE POLICE AT THE EXHIBITION.

We believe it is the intention of the English exhibitors to present Mr. Durkin, superintendent of the police, with a testimonial. From first to last the whole conduct of the police has been most admirable, and both English and foreign exhibitors are alike loud in their praise. The total value of all things actually stolen from the building, including, of course, the petty thefts arising from the dishonesty of exhibitors' attendants, has, we believe, been under 100, and, in nearly every case, the thief has been traced and the property recovered. A curious instance was given of this vigilance last week, when a countryman lost his purse twice in the same day. On both occasions it was found by the police, and ready at the station-house when the careless owner came to make known his loss. As a proof of their care at the doors, it is stated that not twenty known thieves have succeeded in getting into the building since the opening, and almost all of these have been discovered and turned out within a short time afterwards. Whether it is due to this vigilance that so small an amount of bad money has been taken at the doors, we cannot say, but the fact is certain that the loss from counterfeits on this occasion is considerably less than in 1851, though nearly 70,000 more money has been taken. The total amount of bad shillings, florins, &c., passed off upon the door-keepers, up to Saturday, is only 70s., a small amount of loss under any circumstances, and, on the present occasion, no loss at all, as an enterprising silversmith has offered to give 100s. for it, to melt down the counterfeits into the form of a cup, and thus make it a memorial of the Exhibition of 1862.

LETTERS patent have passed the Great Seal appointing Dean Verschoye to the Bishopric of Kilmore.

MURDER AND VIOLATION OF A SERVANT GIRL.

The coroner for Herefordshire recently held an inquest upon the body of Mary Corbett, who had been brutally murdered on the night of Monday week. The inquisition took place at the Prince of Wales Inn, whither the body was removed after finding it in an orchard. The prisoner (Hope) has been previously convicted of felonious charges, and was in 1850 sentenced to seven years' transportation, but only served three of that term, when he returned to Ullingswick on a ticket-of-leave, and has since been twice convicted of misdemeanour, for which he has served terms of imprisonment. The first witness called was Mrs. Elizabeth Skerrett, the mistress of the deceased, who deposed to the circumstances under which she had disappeared.

Mary Bevan said: I am a married woman, and my husband is a drainer. I live at the half-way house in Ullingswick, and keep a shop and beer-house. I knew Mary Corbett, from her having come to the shop. Mrs. Skerrett's is about 300 yards from my house. On Monday night Mary Corbett came to my house for candles, about ten minutes before ten o'clock. Any one going to the shop as a customer would have to go through the kitchen. The only persons there were Hope and John Presser. Presser was asleep, and Hope had some beer. As she was about to go out Hope asked her to have some beer, and she said she did not want any that night. She then left, and Hope, without speaking, got up and went out. He left about a glass and a half or two glasses in the jug. I did not see him or the deceased after. I never saw them together before, nor have I seen either of them since.

By a jurymen: Hope gave the girl a glass of beer when she was down before, when she came for beer for her mistress. I did not see him attempt to take any liberties with her. It was about eight o'clock.

Richard Mapp said: I am a labourer, and live in this parish, and about one hundred and fifty yards from Bevan's beer-shop. I have seen Mary Corbett at Skerrett's, and I know Hope, who got his living by labouring about. I did not see either of them on Monday night. I went to bed about ten, and immediately after I heard two screams. I got out of bed and went to the window. It was of a female calling out, "Oh, dear, oh!" as if in distress. I opened the window, but did not hear anything more, as the wind was very blustering.

William Weaver: I am a thatcher, and live in Ullingswick. I have known deceased since she was a child. I also know Hope. On Monday night I slept at George Hope's, a brother of the prisoner. William Hope does not live with him. It rained heavily, and when I went out to wash at seven o'clock I found deceased in a field at the back of the house. I could see it was a person as if covered over with a black shawl. I called George Hope, and said there was something lying under the hedge. We both went to see what it was. We went round through the gate instead of getting over the hedge. I saw it was a female quite stiff, and George Hope put his foot to her. She was sitting with her head hanging over her right shoulder. Her clothes were down, her face was covered with mud and blood, and her hair was in a disorderly state all over her face. The shawl was thrown over her, up to about her face. The shawl was dirty and wet. She had the appearance as if she had been rolled in mud and blood. The shawl produced by the police is that which covered her body. George Hope opened the gate and went to her, and only found some heel or toe marks near the body.

Daniel Harwood, superintendent of police at Bromyard, examined: I was on my way to Hereford on Tuesday last, and from information I received I came down here, and found Simpson, in whose company I went to where the marks of struggling were seen. I examined the spot very minutely, but could not find foot-marks, from previous rain and tramping, but found two places as if the toes of boots had made indentations in the earth; on some clay that had been thrown out of the ditch an impression of a person lying on her back, from the buttock and back of the head; also found several knee marks, as if some one had been kneeling. The knee marks were produced by a peculiar sort of ribbed stuff. I then got a spade, and in the presence of Simpson I dug up the plainest of the impressions, which I now produce. I also produce impressions from the trousers of prisoner; the difference in the impressions is accounted for by the trousers being worn in some part. I then went to prisoner and examined his trousers, now produced. I found them very dirty about the knees. It is a twill ribbed cord, and appears to have made the impressions referred to. On the fall of the trousers I also found blood, and also upon certain portions of his linen; also dirt upon his shirt corresponding with the dirt upon his trousers and upon the wristband of his shirt; also found dirt upon the slop he was wearing; also examined his boots and found several places as if nails had been recently taken out.

Mr. Henry Graves Bull said: I am a surgeon, living in Hereford. In conjunction with Mr. Hill I have, by the directions of the coroner, made a full post mortem examination. A most elaborate report was then given in. After speaking of the injuries inflicted upon the body it said death resulted from asphyxia or suffocation of the nose, mouth, and throat. The marks of violence had been produced by a left and right hand. No other signs to account for death were found upon the body. Violation had been completed with very great force. Could not say whether violence had been completed before suffocation.

Some further evidence was given, in which a nail produced was identified as having been in the possession of the prisoner on the night of the murder.

Prisoner declined to say anything in defence, and the jury, without hesitation, returned a verdict of "Wilful murder," upon which charge he was committed for trial.

HUNTING A MURDERER.—THE HUNTERS HOOUSED.

About two hundred police were stationed in the neighbourhood of Castle-townend, beating up the covers after traces of the murderer. By Monday night the whole demesne at Castle-townend had been beaten up, except a portion next the village, known to have many deep caverns and hiding-places, difficult of access. About noon next day, relates the correspondent of the *Cork Examiner*, when the rain was descending in torrents, a policeman was observed to rush from the mouth of a cave, which was nearly closed up by a large whitethorn tree that grew exactly in the centre of the entrance, and, having come up to the officer in command announced in solemn terror that he had spotted the aggressor; that he was seated behind a large stone in the cave; that he appeared asleep, as his forehead rested on the sleeve of his left hand, supported by the rock, while a case of large pistols rested on a rock alongside, with their dark and grim muzzles pointed outwards. No time was lost. Twenty-four able fellows were at once chosen for the arrest. Twelve, two deep, were to approach the dangerous cavern from either side at an angle of about eighty-nine degrees, thus rendering it nearly impossible to be perceived by any person inside. They moved stealthily and cautiously until they arrived within about fifteen paces of the entrance, halted, and then, at the signal of the word "charge," pronounced in a voice of thunder by a little man in uniform who was safely perched on a rock overhead, a tremendous rush was made at the cave. Men fell fast, not by bullets from inside, but through the unevenness and slippery nature of the ground, so that only about four actually entered, one of whom seized the sleeping inmate by the poll, and another seized the pistols. But, lo and behold! the imagined assassin was found to be but an old hat, artfully placed on the end of a stick, and the pistols but a pair of cabbage stumps skillfully prepared for the purpose.

GASTRONOMIC STATISTICS OF THE EXHIBITION.

The returns we give of the food consumed are those of Mr. Morrish, made up of the totals entered as sold in his books each week. They are, therefore, necessarily incomplete to the amount of M. Veillard's sales, which must have been considerable, as upwards of 470,000 was taken over the counters for refreshments in that contractor's portion of the building. Allowing for this, however, and bearing in mind that Mr. Morrish's sales as compared with those of M. Veillard were nearly as three to one, a tolerably accurate estimate may be formed of the total consumed altogether. At all events, whatever the latter contractor may have done, Mr. Morrish's books show him at least to have sold as follows:—First, to judge from the light refreshments, the "lady and bun business" appears on this occasion to have been one of considerable magnitude, inasmuch as up to Saturday there were consumed, in round numbers, no less than 1,300,000 loaves, 551,400 Bath buns, 133,500 sponge cakes, 475,400 plum buns, 63,200 lb. weight of Genoa cakes, 15,000 Queen cakes, 6,000 fancy cakes at 2d. each, 21,000 pastry tarts, 180,000 small cakes and biscuits, and 81,000 macaroons. With such unsubstantial diet as the cakes, only such drinks as tea or coffee, lemonade, or, at the most, liqueurs, would ever be ventured on, and these appear in exact proportion to the pastry. Ginger-beer appears to have been the favourite, heading the list with a clear majority of 20,000 over its competing beverages. Of this drink, as little known for cheering as inebriating, 125,000 bottles have been drunk, with 101,000 of lemonade, 31,000 of soda-water, 10,500 of Seltzer water, and 930 pints of liqueurs. Of the pints of tea, coffee, and chocolate the register is as yet incomplete, as it is also about the number of sandwiches consumed, but that the former have been drunk and the latter eaten pretty extensively our readers may easily judge when we find the tea even to amount to 5,195 lb., the coffee to 8,388 lb., and the chocolate to 1,922 lb. The amount of bread to all this modest sack is 41,000 small French loaves and 2,600 brown loaves.

Thus far into this bill of fare we think we can distinctly trace the mouths of the ladies; but now the gentlemen begin to make play in the long catalogue of light refreshments, which, to do them simple justice, they appear to have wished to make as heavy as the bill of fare of the commissioners allow. To these we suppose we must ascribe the twelve tons of cheese, the 112,000 pork pies, 27,180 other meat pies of various kinds, 180,000 lb. weight of plain bread, 62,500 lb. weight of bread cut into sandwiches, 1,400 lb. of fresh butter, and 110,000 Abernethy and captains' biscuits. Let Burton hear it, and rejoice, that of Allsopp's malt and hops, no less than 525,000 bottles were sold, and of draught 3,261 barrels; in all, no less than 1,600,000 pints. Of Ireland's famous stout, though nowhere drunk less than in Ireland—Guinness's stout—there have been sold 250,000 bottles, and of Hoare and Co.'s draught stout 1,575 barrels, or, in all, upwards of 700,000 pints. Of wines or spirits, scarcely any amount worth mentioning was sold over the counter. These, therefore, we will carry forward to the dinner account; for even after these lunches people must dine—at all events they seem to have thought so at the Exhibition, and to have dined pretty heartily too. Of soups over 100,000 quarts have been consumed, exclusive of ox-tail, the register of which only shows that 1,477 talls have been boiled down to make it, with 1,684 calves' heads for stock. Judging merely by accounts, one is tempted with surmises as to what arrangements, if any, were made about these surplus animals whose heads only were wanted. Of salmon there have been used 6,500 lb., of eels 1,465; of codfish 92; of turbot, 393; haddocks, 6; soles, 1,270; brills, 3; John Dorey's, 9; red mullets, 343; whiting, 493 dozen; smelts, 292 dozen; mackerel, 100 dozen; prawns, 200 lb.; and whitebait, 112 lb., with 21 bushels of oysters for sauce, and 271 bushels for eating in lieu of fish. This extensive course appears to have been followed by one of butcher's meat to the value of 22,000 lb., or in weight 630,000 lb.; 123 cwt. of hams, 3,128 tongues, 11,234 fowls, 12 geese, 673 ducks, 632 turkeys, 81 capons, 8,960 pigeons, 290 partridges; 384 plover, with 42 dozen of their eggs; 186 hares, 30 brace of quails, 41 brace of grouse, and 80 brace of pheasants. The bread and vegetables to these are in proportion; thus there are 132,000 dinner rolls, with 192 tons of potatoes, 1,968 bunches of carrots, 912 bunches of turnips, 3,960 cucumbers, 6,647 cauliflowers, 222 baskets of mushrooms, 3,240 bunches of parsley, 2,857 bunches of mint, 463 bunches of celery, 3,161 bundles of mixed herbs, 420 lb. of garlic, 205 bushels of onions, 6,600 quarts of shell peas, 4,440 heads of greens, 390 bunches of asparagus, 169 bunches of spinach, and 55 lb. of currant jelly. After the dinner comes the salad, to furnish up which in its due proportion no less than 9,138 lobsters, with 72 crayfish, 182,754 heads of lettuce, 19,680 bunches of water-cresses, 10,800 beetroots, 20,592 baskets of small salad, 2,160 baskets of tarragon, with 400 gallons of salad oil and 1,500 lb. of mustard, were required. For dessert and in pies there have been used 98 bushels of apples, 150 lb. of filberts, 35 bushels of pears, 1,428 lb. of currants, 426 lb. of plain strawberries, with 4,051 lb. for ice, and 4,006 lb. of raspberries also for ice, 517 foreign pine-apples and 23 English ditto, 4,268 lb. of cherries, 179 bushels of gooseberries, 170 lb. of grapes, 128 dozen and 86 lb. of apricots, 46 dozen peaches, 396 bushels of plums and greengages, 630 lb. of walnuts, 80 melons, 127 baskets of various household dessert fruits, 284 lb. of crystallized fruits, 900 lb. of raisins, 545 lb. of almonds, 335 lb. of suetanas, 14 lb. of prunes, 62 lb. of prunes, 62 lb. of dried French plums, 35 lb. of preserved ginger, 37 lb. of pistachio nuts, 260 lb. of figs, &c. With the dinners have been drunk 34,400 pints of sherry, 8,960 bottles of port, 21,750 bottles of champagne, 22,600 bottles of claret, and 18,800 bottles of various other wines. Of spirits there have been consumed 8,000 pints of brandy, 4,000 pints of gin, 1,600 pints of whisky, and 1,200 pints of rum, hollands, and other spirits.

In what may be termed the grocer's bill, the little sundries of this account, there appear such items as 2,829 gallons of pickles, 210 gallons of spice, 24 dozen pint tins of mushrooms, 278 lb. of tomatoes, 114 lb. of capers, 20 lb. of olives, 90 lb. of curry powder, 1 barrel of anchovies, 20 lb. of vanilla, 30 cases of truffles, 28 bushels of split peas, 544 lb. of gelatine, 55 lb. of cinnamon, 80 lb. of ginger, 294 lb. of rice, 126 lb. of coriander seeds, 109 lb. of wax candles, 110 lb. of soap, 7,188 lb. of soda, 20 gallons of colza oil, 236 lb. of paper bags, 761 lb. of currants, 344 lb. of candied peel, 3,000 lb. of mustard, 11,923 lb. of moist sugar, 67,169 lb. of lump sugar, 112,000 eggs, 3,300 quarts of cream, 62,200 quarts of milk, 21 lb. of mace, 478 lb. of pepper, 23 lb. of cloves, 65 tons of salt, 112 lb. of allspice, 43 lb. of mixed spice, 10 lb. of cayenne, 52 sacks of flour, 203 cwt. of salt butter, 12 cwt. of lard, and 50 lb. of bitter almonds. The clear ice consumed has been nearly 800,000 lb. weight.

The staff required for the daily preparation and serving up of all these viands has been in proportion to the colossal bill of fare. There have been 50 men cooks and 15 women cooks, 80 kitchen-maids, 120 washers and cleaners, 300 men waiters, 260 barmaids, 39 clerks, 60 messengers, and 180 porters, with nearly 100 waggons. 4,395,000 feet of gas have been used in cooking and lighting, and 225,000 gallons of water in boiling, washing, &c.

A HEAVY FORGING.—Messrs. Peel, Williams, and Peel, of the Solo Ironworks, Manchester, have just completed the largest piece of forging ever produced in this city. It is a main shaft for a water-wheel, measures in length thirty feet, and in diameter is twenty-two inches. This immense mass of metal has been made entirely of small scrap iron, and now weighs thirteen tons. The men have been working at it night and day, and have managed to turn it out in about nine days, a steam-hammer weighing seven or eight tons being employed to beat the metal together. The wheel for which it is intended will weigh eighty tons.—*Examiner*.

THE LATE SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE.

THE late Sir B. Brodie, who died a few days back, and whose portrait is given in this page, was born in 1783, and was the third son of the rector of Winterslow, who had himself received a good scholastic education at Winchester. In his sixteenth year he came up to London to study anatomy at the excellent school in Windmill-street founded by that great surgeon and physician, and eminent man of genius, John Hunter. Here he diligently studied under Wilson and Thomas and so ingratiated himself with the former eminent surgeon, that he subsequently assisted him as demonstrator. In 1803 Brodie was the favourite pupil of Sir Everard Home, then one of the most famous surgeons of the day, at St. George's Hospital. Home, who at that time lived in Sackville-street, had probably, with Heaviside and Charlton, the largest West-end practice, as Cline, Abernethy, and Cooper enjoyed the most lucrative City practice. Home was not slow in detecting the merits and sagacity of his pupil, and in a very few years, being admitted a member of the college in 1805, that pupil was appointed assistant-surgeon to St. George's. In 1810 he delivered the Croonian lectures; and in 1812, when entering his thirtieth year, he may be said to have attained the first rank in his profession. It is true his practice was not at this



THE LATE SIR B. BRODIE, M.D.

period, anything like so large or extensive as that of Cline, Abernethy, Cooper, or Home, his master; but it was considerable, and daily increasing, and he could not be supposed to earn as large an income as men some of whom were twenty years and more his seniors. On the death of Sir Everard Home, and the retirement of Cline, however, Mr. Brodie was in the receipt of a larger sum in his profession than any gentleman of his age or standing; and in 1819, when he was appointed Professor of Anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons, he was fast treading on the heels of some of his seniors in age, though not his superiors in professional knowledge. In 1830, when Cooper temporarily retired, or at all events on the death of Abernethy, which occurred in 1831 or 1832, Mr. Brodie enjoyed as large a practice as any gentleman in the profession, and this he continued to hold against all competitors till the year 1860, the period of his retirement from the more active duties of his calling. Sir Astley Cooper received larger fees when in the City than any man before or since. In the year 1815 his income was £21,000, and for some years afterwards he made between £18,000 and £19,000 a year. It is believed Sir B. Brodie never attained these large figures, though he may have, from a more lengthened practice, netted a grander total than any of his predecessors or contemporaries.



FOX-HUNTING.—OPENING OF THE SEASON. (See page 54)

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ONE PENNY.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

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THE LATE FEARFUL GALES—HEROIC RESCUE OF THREE MEN, A WOMAN, AND SIX CHILDREN IN THE BRITISH CHANNEL. (See page 56.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—The "Bohemian Girl," "Crown Diamonds," "Satanella," "Dinorah," and the "Puritan's Daughter" have been given during the week. The houses have been crowded to the ceiling, testifying to the appreciation of the music-loving public of the admirable management and liberal catering for their amusement and gratification of Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison. On Monday, the anxiously looked-for work of Mr. W. V. Wallace, entitled "Love's Triumph," is positively to be produced. The libretto is by the veteran Planché. Report speaks highly of it.

DRURY LANE.—Six nights alone remain of Mr. Boucicault's management, during which no change will take place in the performances.

HAYMARKET.—"Our American Cousin" will be played for the two-hundred-and-seventy-third time on Monday, and there is still no diminution in the interest evinced by the audiences to witness the very original impersonation, by Mr. Sothern, of the now world-wide known character of Lord Dundreary. Mr. Buckstone's introduction to his lordship was a red-letter day in his calendar.

PRINCESS'S.—The new lessee has made a move in the right direction, by the engagement of Miss Amy Sedgwick, who appeared, on Monday, in the character in which she first earned her wide reputation—*Juba*, in the "Hunchback." Accustomed, lately, to lighter parts, she at the outset of the play evinced some little diffidence, but speedily took a firm hold of the part, and at the end of the third act she had the audience completely with her. Mr. Marston, as *Master Walter*, and Mr. Vezin, as *Sir T. Clifford*, and Miss Oliver, as *Heleen*, ably contributed to render the revival of the "Hunchback" a great success. The latter portion of the week the "Love Chase" has had possession of the boards. The business is good.

LYCEUM.—"Peep o' Day," like our "American Cousin" at the Haymarket, continues to fill this house. It has now run upwards of 300 nights, and will continue to the close of Mr. Falconer's management. We hear that his successor, Mr. Fechter, is actively engaged in Paris in perfecting his arrangements for the introduction of great novelties in the stage arrangements.

OLYMPIC.—Mr. F. Robson's part of *Jem Brags*, in the "Wandering Minstrel," has, in addition to the comedy of "Real and Ideal," filled this theatre to the roof during the week.

STRAND.—The highly successful burlesque on the worn out drama of the "Colleen Bawn," called "Miss Lily O'Connor," continues its career. The houses are nightly crowded, and numbers are unable to obtain admission. The heroine of Mr. Rogers is indeed something to laugh at.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. Phelps's short engagement is drawing to a close. *Othello* and *Shylock* have been played by him during the week. Houses, of course, are crowded.

CITY OF LONDON.—The engagement of Mr. Brooke has caused a tide of the lovers of the legitimate drama to set in eastwards, each evening, to see Mr. Brooke in his masterly assumption of *Richard III.*, *Othello*, and *Richard III.*

SURREY.—"The Medal of Bronze" and the massive looking-glass curtain have proved very attractive. The lessee, alive to offering his patrons striking attraction, has engaged Miss Julia St. George for the ensuing pantomime.

BRITANNIA.—A thrilling drama, as the bills term it, called "Cast on the Mercy of the World," supported by the entire company, is filling this commodious and elegant theatre with well-pleased audiences.

A new theatre is in contemplation for Camden-town.

ASTLEY'S, at Christmas, opens under the management of Mr. Boucicault, under the new cognomen of "The Prince of Wales." The horses make their final exit, and the ostlers' occupation will be gone.

THE GALLANT RESCUE OF A SHIP'S CREW.

THE recent gales have caused a lamentable list of casualties round the coast, attended with serious loss of life; many gallant feats of heroism have been performed by the crews of the life-boats in taking off the crews of the various wrecks, foremost among the deeds of valour recorded is that we have illustrated on page 57, which the following description will explain:—The Wesleyan, billy-boy, left Portland on Thursday about three o'clock, and early on Friday morning experienced very heavy weather, in consequence of which she sprang a leak. On board were the master, Mr. Green, his wife and six children, the crew, consisting of two men, who worked incessantly at the pumps, but the water continued to gain on them. In the afternoon she was observed by the crew of the Wave, of Colchester, Dorman master, about five miles to the westward, and nine miles S.E. of Newhaven. Perceiving that she was disabled, the Wave ran as near the Wesleyan as she could venture, and, finally, in the face of a sea running mountains high, Dorman, the master of the Wave, leaving two men on board his own vessel, launched his own boat, quite a cockle-shell comparatively speaking, and with three other brave fellows made for the Wesleyan. The boat was nearly swamped several times, but at last they managed to get on board. Here a truly heartrending scene awaited them. The bulwarks were all gone, the boat was stove in, and the sea was making a clear sweep over them. The three men were utterly exhausted, and the poor woman and the six children were sitting huddled together below in nearly three feet of water, which was pouring in from the deck. The youngest child was only six months old, and the cries of the poor little creatures were so piteous as to unnerve the strongest man. Then came the difficult task of getting Mrs. Green and the little ones on board the Wave, and this was accomplished, although the boat was half full of water. Dorman and his men, after working at the pumps for three-quarters of an hour without any diminution of the water in the hold, abandoned her, and the crew were taken on board the Wave. In less than five minutes the Wesleyan sank with everything belonging to the poor creatures except the scanty clothes they stood upon in. The Wave beat up into Newhaven harbour, and landed the crew and family thus narrowly rescued from death.

A TRAGEDY IN HUMBLE LIFE.—With a very short space of time five or six suicides, chiefly by women, have occurred in the town and neighbourhood of Merthyr. Two cases disclose a harrowing picture. Rachel Morris, a young woman, aged seventeen, having lost her father by the cholera epidemic some years ago and her mother lately, found herself thrust on the world helpless and friendless. She entered service at a brewery, left there, and had some menial occupation given her in the iron-works. There she became acquainted with a young man who promised her marriage, and induced her to accompany him home and live with him until the arrangements could be made for the ceremony. She lived with him three weeks, but one day, being out, the mother of the young man came to the house and induced him to abandon her. When she returned it was to find herself destitute and a castaway. She entered a neighbour's house and begged a girl there to give her a piece of bread, but the girl had none. She then asked leave to go up-stairs in order to mend some of her underclothing. This was granted, and in a little while, when the neighbour returned home, and was told by the little girl of who had gone up-stairs, the poor unfortunate was found in a bedroom hanging by the neck and quite dead.



TAKE up, and store in a shed or dry place, cauliflowers and autumn brocoli before the heads are damaged by frost; if "laid in" in some rather dry soil, and protected from frost and wet, they will afford a supply for many weeks. Keep celery closely earthed up but see that it is perfectly dry before earthing. If necessary, protect from severe frost by a covering of long litter. Get all heavy work, such as manuring, digging, trenching, &c., forward as speedily as possible; and if any alterations are contemplated during the season, lose no time in getting them done. Prune fruit trees where the wood is ripe. Standard apples and pears keep open in the heads, so that the sun and air may have free access to the wood and fruit during the coming season. Cut out the old wood of raspberries, and tie in the young suckers. Clear up decayed leaves among fruit trees and bushes, and get the ground manured, where necessary, and dug; leaves lying about among bushes, &c., form an excellent harbour for insects. Grass walks, &c., will require ceaseless attention this month. Persevere in getting up leaves, sweep and roll grass, and maintain neatness everywhere. Greenhouse and window plants ought now to have attention; wash the leaves, and water carefully.

Sporting.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

THIS great race was run on Tuesday at Newmarket, and resulted in Bathilde winning, Limosina, second; forty-five starters.

THE STORM IN THE WELSH MOUNTAINS.

DURING the late storm, which seems to have desolated the Welsh coast and the districts inland in every direction, a peculiar and fearful event occurred in an isolated and mountainous district between Merthyr Tydfil and Tredegar, an avalanche of mud and stones nearly destroying a policeman and his family. They occupy one of a small row of houses, and are quite isolated from the district of Merthyr. About 7.30 p.m. the neighbourhood was visited by a terrific storm, accompanied by an unusually heavy fall of rain. Policeman Lewis, thinking the rain from the mountain might overflow a gutter that was near his house went out to clean it; but while doing it he was transfixed by hearing a roar like an earthquake, a frightful rumbling noise that seemed approaching paralysing his movements. At length he recovered presence of mind, and went on to see what it was, when he found a torrent of water rushing down the mountain opposite the back door; he ran to warn his wife and children of the danger, but had only gone a few yards when he was struck down by the flood of water, clay, and stones; he got up, but did not know for a moment where he was, and ran round to the front of the house; the back he could not reach on account of the mound of clay and stones that was against it. Mrs. Lewis, in the meantime, was in the house, but knew nothing of the occurrence until the back door was forced in, and before she could reach the front door to escape, the house was half full of stones, completely blocking up the front door, and rendering escape impossible. She then made her way to the door of the stairs and tried to open it, but that also was blocked up. At this time the water had risen up to her shoulders. She held one child on her shoulder and the other was climbing up her side, when Lewis broke in the front window with an axe, and rescued first the children, and afterwards the wife, but it was with the greatest difficulty Mrs. Lewis was saved, as the clay and stones had accumulated around her. The damage done was very great, the wall between the kitchen and front room was knocked down; the pantry was filled to the ceiling, and everything in it destroyed. The front room was also filled up, and all furniture down stairs broken up or rendered worthless. The next house escaped with only three feet of mud and rubbish on the ground floor, and the remaining houses of the row were simply wetted as if a torrent of water had passed through.

THE TAKING OF THE MALAKOFF.

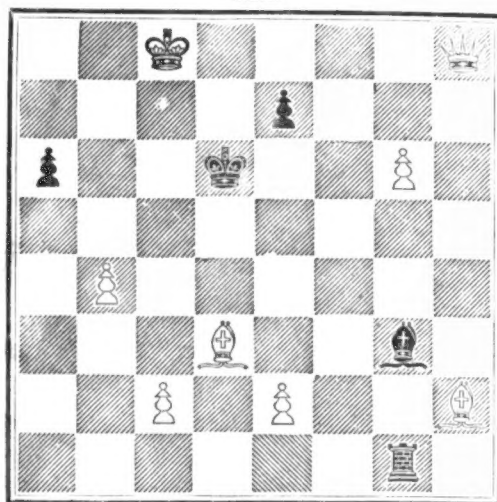
WE give in p. 53 an engraving after the celebrated picture, by Horace Vernet, "Prise de Malakoff," in commemoration of the brave conduct displayed by General MacMahon when the Russian stronghold was captured by the allied armies. The gallant general is represented on the very summit of the mamelon of the Malakoff, with two aides-de-camp by his side, and a Zouave waving the tricoloured flag of France, in sign of victory. An English officer has mounted the hill, and, with his hand to his cap, seems as though asking a question, which the French general is in part replying to by pointing with his right hand to the ground. The dead and dying are strewn in heaps upon the hill, mingled with fascines, fire-arms, and other evidences of the fight. The picture has been executed for the town of Antun, the birthplace of General MacMahon.

"SCENE" IN A CHAPEL.—On Tuesday evening last a "scene" took place at the Baptist Chapel, Little London, Willenhall. It appears that the congregation have, for some time, been divided in opinion respecting the choice of a minister, one party being desirous to retain the services of their present pastor, and the other being equally anxious that another should take his place. After considerable agitation on both sides, the matter reached a crisis some few weeks ago, when the latter party gave the present minister formal notice to leave, and engaged a successor. This notice expired on Sunday, when two announcements were made by the contending parties, one stating that their minister's services would be dispensed with after that evening, and the other affirming that such was not the case, but that the rev. gentleman would continue his services as usual. As neither party seemed disposed to yield, it was naturally anticipated that the next preaching night (Tuesday) would witness an exciting scene, and so it proved. At an early hour on Tuesday morning the party in favour of the present minister took possession of the chapel, which possession they have firmly maintained throughout. As the hour for service drew nigh, large crowds thronged the chapel, and it was found that the old minister had taken his place in the pulpit some hours previously, being guarded by a body of police. Nothing daunted, the opposition party, with their new minister, entered the vestry, and, inviting the congregation to join them, commenced to hold service there simultaneously with the one being held in the chapel. Both places were crowded, and multitudes surrounded the chapel outside. After service the party in power maintained possession of the chapel, several of them remaining all night to prevent any violent attempt on the part of their opponents to force an entrance. Two such efforts were actually made—one about midnight and another about four o'clock on Wednesday morning, but without success.

It is understood that the Italian Government have contracted with the Millwall Iron Works for a war steamer of 2,030 tons, fitted with cupolas on the principle of Captain Coles. The engines of 700 horse power are to be by Messrs. Maudsley and Co.

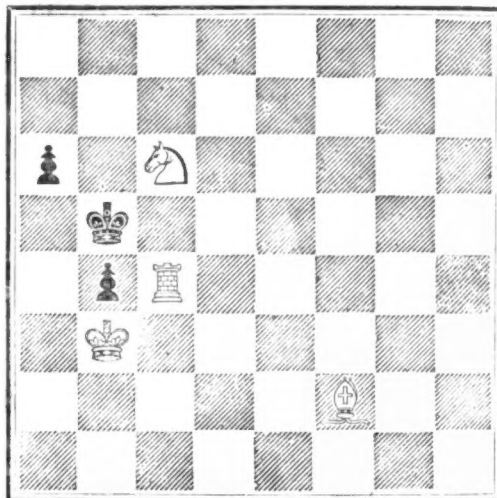
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 67.—By W. B. H., South Shields. Black.



White. White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 68.—By T. SMITH, Spitalfields. (For Beginners.) Black.



White. White to move, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 57.
White.
1. Kt to B 2 (ch)
2. Kt to K 6 (ch)
3. Q to K 5 (ch)
4. Kt mates

Black.
1. K moves
2. B takes Kt
3. K takes Q

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 58.
White.
1. Q to Q 6 (ch)
2. Q to Q B 6
3. R to Q 8
4. Mates accordingly

Black.
1. K to R square
2. Q to Q square
3. Any move

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 59.
White.
1. R to K square
2. B covers (ch)
3. B to K B 6
4. Mates accordingly

Black.
1. Q takes B (ch)
2. Q covers
3. Any move

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 60.
White.
1. R to K B 8
2. R to K R 7
3. R to Q 7, mate

Black.
1. K to K 3 (n)
2. K moves

(a)
1. K to K
2. K moves

A SHIP BURNT AT SEA.

THE Hindoo was overtaken in the Channel by the last fearful gale, and after working up as far as the Bell Buoy the gale became so furious, and the ship was so disabled, that she almost became unmanageable, and to prevent her, if possible, from drifting ashore, the masts were cut away. This precaution, however, proved to be unavailing, for the ship, propelled by wind and tide, drove ashore near Forbury. Endeavours were now made by those on board to reach the land in safety; but besides the storm another fearful enemy arose—the ship was discovered to be on fire, and this with a cargo of petroleum on board. The fire soon got hold of the vessel, and the crew, seeing that there was no chance of saving anything, attempted to gain the beach. After swimming through a sea of petroleum—for the cargo had broken up and was washing out of the ship—the crew, with the exception of five who were drowned, reached the land. Many of the crew were severely injured; and Captain Murphy, commander of the Hindoo, was much crushed by the drifting wreck, besides being nearly poisoned with petroleum. Soon after not a vestige of the ill-fated ship was visible; but that there had been a fire of petroleum there could be no mistake, for the stench from the vicinity of the wreck prevailed all over Liverpool; and so great was its effect on the Exchange news-room that the floor had to be sprinkled over with chloride of lime. The Hindoo left Montreal for Liverpool on the 17th of September 1874, with a cargo of about 3,000 barrels of rock oil on board.

REAR-ADMIRAL of the White John Kingcombe, of Plymouth, is appointed to relieve Rear-Admiral of the Red Sir Thomas Maitland, C.B., commander-in-chief on the Pacific station. Admiral Kingcombe will hoist his flag on board the screw steam-frigate *Sutlej*, 35, Captain Matthew Conolly, now at Portsmouth.

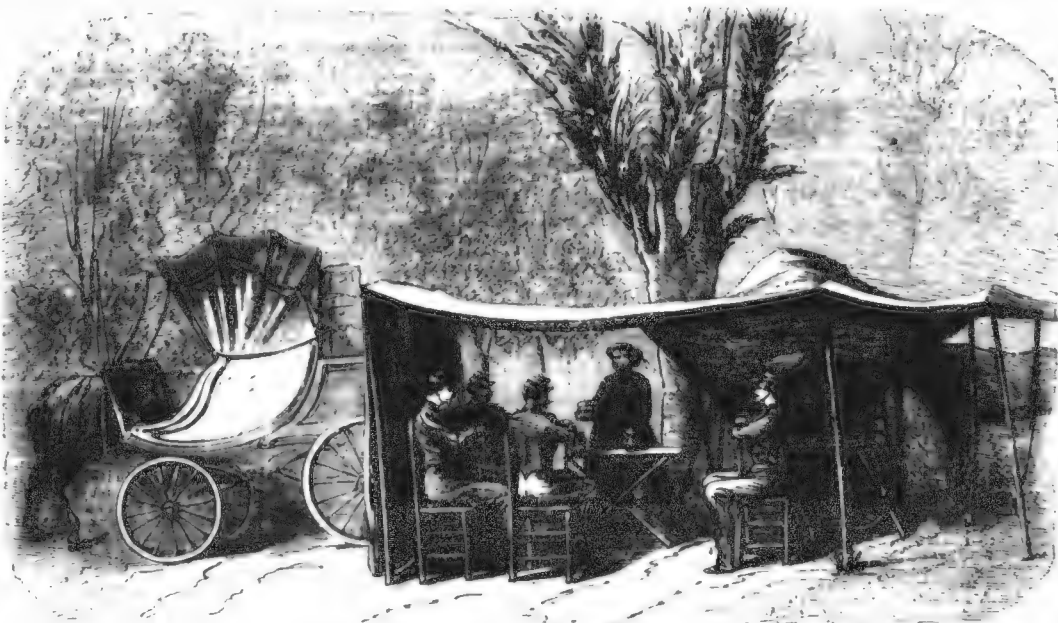
COMMITTEE OF TRADESMAN'S WIFE FOR RECEIVING STOLEN PROPERTY.
On Monday, Charles Meadows, a youth 14 years of age, and Caroline Noakes, 35, the wife of a marine store dealer of Aoraki-street, directly in front of the Commercial Union Bank, were charged before Mr. Gresswell with stealing, and the latter with feloniously receiving property belonging to Mr. Blackburn, cheesemonger, Church-street, Gretnahead. It appeared that the younger prisoner was in the prosecutor's employ as an errand lad. During the past month various bladders of lard had been missed from a warehouse to which he had access. On the previous Saturday night Detective Margeson, on passing the shop of the elder prisoner, saw Meadows leave the place, and inquired the business which had brought him there. The lad did not make any reply, and the constable then entered the shop, and asked the female prisoner what the lad brought, when she at first replied, "Nothing!" but subsequently produced the bladder of lard from an up-stairs room, where it had been concealed. The lad admitted that he had stolen the property from his father, and was to receive a shilling for it from the elder prisoner, adding that he had the disposal of five or six other bladders of lard at the same shop, receiving a shilling each time. The prisoners were fully committed for trial.

SCENES OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

Our illustrations represent two scenes of the fearful warfare now raging in America. One is a sketch taken on the spot of the recent battle at Corinth, when the Federal general, Rosecrantz, reports having gained a great victory over the Confederates. The slaughter was terrific on both sides. General Rosecrantz, in his report, says:—"The number of casualties I cannot determine. The rebels killed and wounded are strewn along the road for five miles out, at which point they had a hospital. We have between 700 and 1,000 prisoners, not counting their wounded." The other drawing represents the Confederate soldiers enjoying themselves in a canteen in Pennsylvania.

CATHERINE WILSON'S PETITION TO THE QUEEN.

The following is a copy of the statement of her case, drawn up by the prisoner a few days before her execution, and transmitted to the Home Secretary to be laid before her Majesty, imploring the clemency of the Crown. The expressions made use of are the prisoner's own, and the document was written in a firm, legible hand, and there were merely a few errors in the spelling:—"To her Most Gracious Majesty.—I most humbly beg your Majesty's pardon for the liberty I have taken in sending this paper, and crave your Majesty's most merciful consideration of my case. I am now lying under sentence of death for the dreadful crime of murder by poisoning, which I solemnly declare that I am innocent of. I am very deaf, and was unable to hear any of the evidence upon my trial, therefore could not contradict anything that was said. I have been in prison six months, and unable to get the evidence to come forward on my behalf for want of means, my means being all exhausted; and yet, without one witness, there has never been proved one person or place I had ever had poison of, nor that I had ever had poison in my possession. One witness says I told her the day of the death of Mrs. Soames the death was not a natural one, for Mrs. Soames had taken poison in my room on the Wednesday night before, yet this witness, though a friend of the family's for six years before, living with the daughters two years afterwards, never named to anybody till now, six years afterwards, when I am tried for my life, then comes forward to say I told her this, which I never did. Then comes another witness and friend of the family for twenty years, who declares I told her there would be a letter come to the house on the Monday. She says I told her this on the Sunday before the letter came, yet before this letter did come it was never told to Mr. Barnes, Mrs. Soames's brother, nor her two daughters, nor any one else until my trial. I never did tell either of those witnesses anything of the kind. How strange these two women should be friends of the family both before and after death. When the inquest was held not a word was ever said by either of the parties what I had said. No, because I had never said anything of the kind to them. Mrs. Hawkshaw, a niece of Mrs. Soames, was in attendance upon her most all the time on the Thursday, and Thursday night she attended her alone; not



CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS IN A CANTEEN.

until Friday and Friday night did I attend and sit up with her daughter until she died. Mrs. Hawkshaw was sent by her aunt to buy the penny stamp paper to give me for to show that I had lent Mrs. Soames £10; it was wrote every word by Mrs. Soames herself. It was never disputed by the family or said one word against until now, six years afterwards, yet this witness was not called. Mrs. Soames's circumstances were not good, and she could not meet her tradesmen's bills. She belonged to a building society; she had a certain sum of money to pay every week, and to pay that with she always had to pledge her property. The two daughters say they never knew their mother to lend me any money, and I always paid my rent every week, 8s. 6d. I could have no motive for taking this poor woman's life. It was known by the witnesses that Mrs. Soames thought of marrying again to better her circumstances to a man I had frequently heard her talk of, but I never saw. The letters produced in court a day or two after the death of Mrs. Soames came to the house. Two people is called to say they believe it to be wrote by me, although in a disguised hand. When asked if ever they saw me write, one says he never saw me write, the other says he saw me write seven years ago. Neither of these two men never saw me write in their lives. I am sure I did not write that letter. A part of it was torn away. A false report has been circulated in the papers that I understood the nature of medicine, for I had lived with Dr. Mower, of Boston, which I never did, nor was there a Dr. Mower living there at any time. All this proved very injurious to me. Every person that I have attended upon, and done my best for, those that have died, has been exhumed and nothing found in them like poison, or any poison traced to my possession, or any doctor says anything against me except one, whose evidence is false, and yet I am condemned to die. I, therefore, through (throw) myself on your Majesty's most merciful consideration, and pray to God to be more merciful than man.—I remain your Majesty's most humble servant, CATHERINE WILSON."

knew this because the young woman had been confined at her house about eleven months ago. This witness, if we may call her such, said she had not seen the child since it was three months old, but after she had examined it she said she could swear to it among ten thousand as the same child of which the young woman was confined. The young lady and her father were in attendance, and the former denied all knowledge of the woman who thus accused her of being the mother of the child, and the father declared it was a conspiracy got up by a woman who was "jealous" of his daughter. In the course of the proceedings the young lady fainted, and had to be taken out of the room. The husband of the woman living in Chatterton-street, at whose house the young woman is said to have been confined, was sent for, and he recognised her, and told the same story as his wife. Some of the guardians wished the girl's father to take the child with him; but he, being convinced that there is a conspiracy in the matter, resolutely refused, alleging that he was prepared to prove by independent witnesses that his daughter was at home when she was said to have been at the house of the woman in Chatterton-street. Here for the present the affair rests, but we are informed that the subject will be brought before the magistrates.—*Western Daily Press.*

SUDDEN DEATH IN THE PULPIT—At eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, while the Rev. Mr. Harman, of Queenstown, who was assisting the Rev. Mr. Sargent at morning service, in the new Episcopal Church attached to the parochial schoolhouse, Passage West, was in the act of reading the lessons in the pulpit, he became suddenly faint, and sank down. When some members of the congregation went to his assistance it was found that he was dead.

THE LATE EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF CHILD DESERTION.

It will be remembered that a few weeks ago we published some particulars of a case of alleged child desertion, from which it appeared that a young lady (married), residing in Bristol, had become the unwilling recipient of the child of a woman whose name was unknown. The story, as told by the young woman, was that she met, in one of the carriages on the Great Western Railway, a female with a baby in her arms, and this female asked her to "take the baby" for a few minutes, which she did. The artful mother shortly afterwards disappeared, and the child, being left with the young lady, was brought by her to Bristol and taken home with her. Subsequently the child was removed to St. Peter's Hospital, where it has since remained. The very strange affair has assumed a new and still stranger aspect. At a meeting of the guardians a woman residing in Chatterton-street, Bristol, came forward and stated positively that the young lady was herself the mother of the child. She said she



THE LATE ATTACK BY THE CONFEDERATES ON CORINTH.

Literature.

ORIGINAL TALES.

JOHN MANDRELL'S HOUSEKEEPER.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

MR. JOHN MANDRELL was a wealthy, retired merchant, living in a somewhat remote seclusion in a commodious, old-fashioned house, on the borders of Enfield Chase. And it was a considerable number of years before a taste for innovation took place, and stately trees were cut down to make room for hideous piles of bricks and mortar. We may say at a word, that his house, his gardens, and his grounds, almost surrounded by stately forest trees—that his habitat and location combined formed an exquisitely beautiful scene.

Standing on the highest brow of the highest hill, in a region remarkable for its undulations—quite the lower part of the house lay as it were hemmed in a green fringe—from the upper windows, east, west, north, and south, forest and town, village and hamlet, grey church towers, winding streams—all that go to the construction of a charming picture were easily seen and filled the eye with their beauty.

Mr. John Mandrell, a widower of some eight-and-forty years of age, was yet a well-preserved man, and but for some defect of weakness of sight, may be said to have all his faculties intact.

He had certain eccentricities of manner, too, chiefly arising from this defect—which was only partial, after all. Possessed of ample means—of an easy nature—the other pictures of him might be termed a general enjoyment of indolence; and for a man who was possessed of the art of doing nothing with something of a relish and appreciation of it, he may be said to be a thorough master of this lazy business.

He had at home, living with him, an only daughter—Rose Mandrell—by which sweet name her personal charms were really typified. She was a bright creature of about seventeen, devotedly attached to her father, who in turn was dotingly fond of her.

A third important personage belonging to the establishment was John Mandrell's housekeeper.

This was a woman, that for all her rare and striking order of beauty, had such a singularly changing expression in her fine face, as defied all attempts to fix her age.

She might be six-and-twenty or six-and-thirty.

At times her countenance beamed with all the lustrous beauty of mature youth.

At others it was haggard, worn, pale; but paleness was rather a characteristic of that face.

Her figure was tall and stately, her carriage was that of a lady. And everything she said or did indicated the manners and education of one who had been brought up in a superior style in life.

It was admitted that reverses, of which she never spoke, but which were tacitly understood, had compelled her to take the office she held at John Mandrell's house.

But with natural good taste and consideration, she was treated on a footing of equality, and under the title of housekeeper was in reality the mistress.

One peculiarity still remains to be noticed, and that is her voice.

It was very sweet, and most cast in a low pitch, as a composer might say. But it had the most wonderful chromatic changes—each sweeter than the rest—it is possible to conceive.

It had a strange compass, too. One moment it was a pure soprano; the next, a contralto that made the very pulses beat.

When she sang, too—for she taught Rose Mandrell to play and sing, to whom she seemed to be greatly attached—when she sang to the piano, this wide range of volume was the more apparent.

On the stage—as an operatic actress—she might have made a fortune. When Mr. Mandrell playfully hinted this to her, and expressed a wonder at her sacrificing such a gift in a dull, lonely house like his, she only replied that she had grown too old, and that she liked quiet.

And then John Mandrell's face at this would lose its pleasant look, and become very grave.

Her eyes! Yes, they are worth describing, for with a face somewhat longer than the oval—with a finely formed nose—they lighted up fitfully out of their depths, and gave to every change of expression an emphasis all the more remarkable that it was of a nature so inscrutable.

Still one more peculiarity—that is to say, a veil, which she almost constantly wore, not as a veil, but as a head-dress, and which she never appeared to wear twice after the same fashion.

It seemed at times as though this veil formed a part of that mystery which reigned around her, but which none seemed to care to pry through.

There were the usual domestics—in effect, the full number requisite to the state of a house and grounds, such as Mandrell Hall necessitated.

Coachman, groom, gamekeepers—who also kept the lodge, and the usual feminine array within, all of whom deferred to Mrs. Paunceford, the housekeeper.

To the household we may add one or two

visitors; and first, Phillip Mandrell—son of John Mandrell's brother, and who would some day be the heir, provided an old contract was carried out—to wit—

That Phillip Mandrell married his cousin Rose, a condition it does not seem there could be any difficulty in following out.

Only when this was spoken of an indefinable smile, an inexplicable flash in those quickly kindling eyes; still an inscrutable meaning appeared underneath her smile, her look, her silence.

"You do not say anything about it, Mrs. Paunceford," said John Mandrell to his housekeeper on one or two occasions; "you do not speak."

"Why, sir," she replied in her softest tones, "I can scarcely be said to have a right of thought in the matter—"

"Tut! tut!" cried the other, impatiently.

"I know Rose well, I believe, and I love her dearly. She has qualities of head, of heart, a depth of love, a strength of affection that no man should trifle with."

She uttered the last words in a tone so full of meaning, or of no meaning, one knows not what, that John Mandrell repeated them after her.

"That—no—man—should trifle with—trifle—with."

There was something in the laboured monotone of the repetition which indicated that he sought for some covert meaning beneath the words.

"And I don't know, Mr. Phillip—at least, not quite sufficiently well to express an opinion regarding him," went on the housekeeper, in a tone and manner the most natural conceivable.

"Ah, well, I see—I see," said John Mandrell, a

"And you will lay me under a great obligation to you, which, be assured, I shall not forget."

"Do not speak so, sir! Duty as well as inclination to oblige you would prompt that course which you point out."

"Thank you, Mrs. Paunceford, thank you," said Mr. Mandrell, cordially; "it's just like you! Will you find Rosy, and send her to me?—we will have tea and a little music."

"I was just thinking of doing so," said the housekeeper, with a smile, as she stepped forth out of a second window on to a balcony laden with flowers—and by half a dozen steps into the garden, where, crossing the lawn, she speedily disappeared.

The chamber was large, lofty, spacious every way, cool and shaded—felice from shrub to towering elms without, forming a leafy boundary, and relieving the eye with its vivid green.

Against the plot, this wall of green, the glorious sun was shimmering, green and gold, a rare blending of tints.

The chamber—half library, half parlour—John Mandrell's private room, in fact—was elegantly furnished every way.

Noble paintings and superb engravings covered the walls where books were not.

The furniture of walnut-tree wood harmonized in all respects with the interior.

Luxury—the true luxury of English comfort—predominated in a marked manner.

There were three doors in this noble chamber, of which more anon.

One was the common door opening upon the main passage of the house.

The other two led into different chambers, be-

handsome and winsome pair they looked as kindly eyes would wish to dwell upon.

Mrs. Paunceford's look was not kindly, though she halted, and watched them furtively from a distance.

"Cultivate a knowledge of him!" she murmured to herself, as she looked on the brown face of Phillip. "Have I not done so? Do I not do so to my pain, to my torture, to my shame?"

She hid her face in her hands, drew the veil close round her head, and still remained where she had halted.

What could this strange woman mean by her words?

Was she in love with Phillip herself? for they would indicate something of the kind.

And it is no uncommon thing in this strange world of paradoxes and contradictions to find a woman of forty in love with a lad of twenty, a woman of thirty-five in love with a lad of five and twenty; and ten years are not so great a disparity, after all—for, in fact, an union at these ages are far more common than are those when the ages are more equal.

If she looked on the face of Phillip Mandrell with a tenderer feeling, what brought that bitter change upon her countenance when her look glanced from Phillip to the bright and blooming face of Rose herself?

She gazed so long upon Rose that it would seem as if she were reading in the girl's face that which she had never read before.

"She is not like him—she is not like John Mandrell!" she muttered; "and yet she has his expression and his look oft-times. No, she is not like him—but whom is she like?"

More intense than ever grew her look.

"I have seen a face like it, but where? for I do not recollect ever to have seen her mother, though that, too, is possible. Ah!"—she gave a start—"he takes her hand—his arm steals round her waist—and his lips are on her cheek!"

And she covered her face with her hands, as though the sight scorched her eyes.

"Be happy in your fool's paradise for the time ye may, with your ardent hearts and warm kisses. Alas! will you be doomed to traverse the same dark path others have trod; and she—she—But no, no—I forget myself, and what I have schooled myself to; and—"

A dry, half-choked sob was stifled as she spoke; and having fully recovered her usual air of tranquillity, she walked on; and presently the young people descried her.

Phillip Mandrell sprang to his feet, his face wearing an ingenuous blush, but beaming with the kindest expression.

Frankly he advanced with outstretched hand, and said, "Good day, Mrs. Paunceford; I hope you are better than when I was here last?"

She took his hand and held it; her eyes fixed with a strange look upon his face. If ever so slight a tremble ran through her limbs it was not noticed.

"I am very well, thank you, Master Phillip," she said, as she quietly relaxed her hold.

Her face at the moment was irradiated by an almost Sybilline beauty; even Phillip was struck by it, much as he was engrossed by thinking of Rose.

"On my word, after all," he went on, "I need scarcely ask you how you are, for your looks speak for themselves. What say you, Rose?"

"Mrs. Paunceford always looks handsome," replied Rose, with a warm, impressive smile; "but there are times when she eclipses herself, as now."

"Flatterer, child; it pleases you to say these things."

"No, my dear Mrs. Paunceford," said Rose, "there can be no flattery in truth, more than that there can be no flattery where it is not intended."

And she took the housekeeper's hand, which shook within her own.

"Are you unwell?" cried Rose; "you tremble—"

"Hush!—no; it is nothing. I am impressionable at times—highly so, and I suppose this is one of my days. But I have just left your papa; he wishes you to play to him after tea."

"Oh, dear papa! Yes, willingly!" cried the young girl. "Come along, Phillip, papa does not know you are here yet, does he?"

"No; I got off my horse in the yard, and passed by the wicket gate into the garden, where I expected to see you."

"Indeed, sir," said Rose, with a pretty sternness. "Very surreptitious, upon my word; but as that wicket gate is generally locked—"

"And as I have a key—"

"laughed Phillip, as he showed her one—a compact little piece of mechanism significant of the secret it could command."

"Why, where did you get that?" cried Rose.

"Oh," said he, "that's tellings!" with the light laugh of a boy when in possession of some unimportant secret.

"How provoking you are!" pouted Rose. On the housekeeper the sight of this key seemed to have an electric effect, for she looked at it with an eye that might surprise, alarm, or a greed for its possession.

"I think I must claim that key, Mr. Phillip," she said, hesitatingly; "for I had one, and I have lost or mislaid it."

"Well, the fact is, the key does not belong to the gate at all," replied Phillip.



MRS. PAUNCEFORD.

little wearily; "you are prejudiced against him."

"Now, Mr. Mandrell—my dear sir—how—how could I be prejudiced against the young man, and why?"

"Why, that is just what I want to know," and he allowed an unaccustomed amount of petulance to escape him this time.

"I am very much attached to Miss Rose," continued Mrs. Paunceford, as she bustled in her noiseless way about the chamber, arranging papers, books, and fluttering near her master as he sat by a large open window inhaling dreamily the perfumes which came stealing in from the garden.

"Well, yes, Mrs. Paunceford, I know that you are attached to Miss Rose, bless her!" he added warmly; "but would you like to stand in the way of her happiness?"

The question was one which elicited a natural ejaculation of surprise.

"I, sir—! Really, now, either you are unjust or I do not understand you."

"No matter, no matter; but if you really love Rose, and choose to oblige me greatly—"

"Well, sir, what shall I do to show that I can do both?"

"Cultivate a little closer knowledge of my nephew."

"Cultivate—a—little closer knowledge—of Mr. Phillip Mandrell?" she asked, with a slow emphasis which often gave point to her words.

"Do I understand you right, sir?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"You shall be obeyed, sir; believe me."

yond which again were smaller apartments abutting on the back of the house.

When the housekeeper had quitted the library (we will call it so) to go in search of Rose, she left John Mandrell alone.

Sitting listlessly in an arm-chair by the open window, a book lying open on his knee, his face became grave, graver than usual, and his lips unconsciously murmured the words, "A loving heart, that no man should trifle with!"

What could those words mean? They might be a mere platitude—they might mean something in terrible earnest—they might mean a thousand things—but which one of these thousand he could not tell.

Meanwhile we follow Mrs. Paunceford, in search of Rose, up the garden—a spot cultivated with all the resources of art—statues, fountains, groves, artificial mounds, and parterres of clustering flowers, all so exquisitely cultivated that, presently, within a few minutes' walk from the house, the wanderer lost sight of it.

With a drooping face, with her veil fantastically drawn around her face, John Mandrell's housekeeper walked slowly on.

Was she, too, in reverie like her master?—was she, too, in the depths of her inscrutable soul, carving her way out of some dark labyrinth, that her face lost its beauty and grew rigid—that her eyes lost their lustre and grew dull—that her step lost its elasticity, and grew languid?

Who knows? For, as yet, the veil of secrecy is drawn all about and around her.

Seated on a bank there, John Mandrell's housekeeper saw Phillip and Rose together; and a

Varieties.

"How is that?"
 "It is an identical fit, that is all."
 "Oh!" said Mrs. Paunceford drily, as she advanced forward ahead of the pair, and entered by the window.
 "Well, Mrs. Paunceford?" ejaculated John Mandrell, lifting up his eyes from his book.
 "They are coming in, sir."
 "They! Who?" demanded John Mandrell, with a start.
 "Your nephew and Miss Rose."
 "What, Philip here? I'm glad of it, with all my heart! I did not expect him to-day."

CHAPTER II.

"TO VIOLATE THE HOUSE OF LIFE."

It is not intended to dwell upon the pleasant tea-party, the sweet music and gentle airs sang and played by Rose at d Mrs. Paunceford in turn; nor how the summer-tinted shades of evening closed over them, and Philip took his leave, and, mounting his horse, rode through the moonshine into town.

He put up his horse at a mews contiguous to the Strand, and finding his way with ease to his chambers at the Temple, soon fell into a delicious slumber, and Rose Mandrell was the haunting fairy of his dreams.

Weeks and months went by, and the household, business at Mandrell Hall went on in its old quiet routine; and little was now thought of save the approaching marriage, which, although not to come off immediately, was yet resolved upon, and the ceremony of the betrothal having taken place there remained nothing but to name the day.

The formality of the betrothal, which, although not with us the "custom of the country," was on this occasion made somewhat of a ceremonial, and requires a few words with reference to the immediate case in question.

A quiet dinner party—an event not often breaking on John Mandrell's easy life—brought round an amply supplied board,—everything *recherche*, and all superbly laid out in the grand dining-room so rarely used. This brought together a few friends and neighbours, persons of good estate, living within a short ride or drive of each other, and all of a frank, hospitable, and cordial nature, which, on account of its rarity, enhanced the pleasure of the meeting.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Digby, of Digby Hall; Sir Walter and Lady Lahee; the Misses Guntons, of the Grove, elderly maiden ladies; Sir Transfer Scrip, a wealthy stock-broker, and his lady; and others, who shall be nameless, as they are not essential to our story. And, lastly, Rose Mandrell and her cousin Philip, who came a little late, it is true, but who pleaded important and pressing business as a cause of the delay.

Everything was perfection, not even excepting the curries, the waiting, and the wine; and comfort and elegance united together to give a zest to the enjoyment which each and all appeared to feel.

The whole was presided over by Mrs. Paunceford, who, in an adjoining chamber, acted the part of a marshal in the field.

"Bring some of that '25 claret,' Peter," said John Mandrell to his butler, when the cloth was removed and the dessert was on the table, principally supplied from the noble gardens of the Hall.

"Friends," said John Mandrell, rising, as the glasses were filled round from the noble mazarins, and the rich fragrance of the wine pervaded the dining-room,—friends, if I am a little prolix, and a little egotistical on an occasion like this, you will forgive me, I know."

A murmur of assent followed.
 At the door of the ante-chamber in which the housekeeper presided might have been seen the face of Mrs. Paunceford her veil drawn partly around her head, in one of her most peculiar moods—amood of *expression*, if I may be allowed the term.

It was white, as if carved out of moonshine. It was even grand in the classic severity it wore. The lips so finely chiselled were compressed till no blood was left in them, and the eyes gleamed in their sockets—the only thing that denoted animation in what else was mere marble—and glittered with a light none would have wished to see.

Mr. John Mandrell spoke on.
 "Philip Mandrell, and you, my darling Rose, come this way!"

Philip gave a start as if electrified, and with the ingenuous blush of youth, rose and advanced; and as Rose had by one of those strange "chances" which will occur in families, however ill or well regulated—as Rose was seated beside him, he took the beautiful girl, "blushing rosy red," by the hand, and both advanced to the spot which John Mandrell indicated.

In truth, this might be a scene in a French vudeville, only it happens now and then in staid English families.

The burning eyes of the housekeeper were fixed upon the group, and she bent herself forward, lest a single word—a single sign should escape her notice.

"It was the desire of my brother that the old affection, which I am happy to say really did exist between us, should be the more closely cemented by the union of his son with my daughter. I have found you, my dear Philip, honest, good, and truthful."

Philip bowed, and his blushes well became him.

"As to Rose, you know what she is?" continued John Mandrell.

The flashing eyes of the housekeeper now rested on the sweet face of the girl.

Philip pressed her hand, and cast a loving look upon her countenance—a loyal look, in which pride and affection contended.

"I pronounce, then, this betrothal, if neither of you have any pre-occupied feeling—for heaven forbid that I should interfere to mar the current of love's true sympathies—I pronounce this betrothal between you—the precursor of a stronger, deeper tie, which only death may break."

A smile, cold as winter's rill—a smile, bitter, bitter, almost scornful, crossed the housekeeper's lips at these words.

"It is to their speedy union and their future happiness, my dear friends that I dedicate this toast, and I pray you all to join with me in it."

The toast was drunk with true cordiality, but with the quiet formulas of good breeding; and when Philip had led Rose—amazed rather at this unexpected proceeding—to her chair once more, the conversation took first a complimentary then a desultory turn.

"And now," at last said John Mandrell, "those who love a cup of excellent Mocha, if they will go up-stairs, Mrs. Paunceford will give them some that can't be matched."

The housekeeper withdrew from the door-way, and proceeded to the still-room, in order to preside over that department of her duties; and as the ladies withdrew—Philip taking Rose up—and one or two other gentlemen who had less of the *bon vivant* about them—the rest still sat to discuss some of John Mandrell's best port.

It was a lovely afternoon. The green and gold of the garden surrounded the elegant old Hall with a breezy, half-musical beauty, and the odour of the flowers in the garden and the lawns came floating in deliciously through the open windows, and standing by one of those which opened from the library into the garden was the housekeeper—Mrs. Paunceford—lost in thought.

Above, the sweet merry voices of the women were heard, mingling with the deeper yet no less musical diapason of the men's laughter.

Presently the piano rang forth a bright, rejoicing piece of noble melody, a prelude to some exquisite ballad; and hark!—yes, it is one of Lanner's most touching, most pathetic, yet delicious pieces.

Pouring themselves out—chords and voice blended—through the open window upon the still, odorous air, the effect was inexpressibly grand and effective.

Down the still pale cheeks of the housekeeper the tears were flowing fast; and though she held her hands before her eyes, over her face, the tears came between her fingers, and she shook beneath her veil, as though the great sobbing she sought to suppress was beyond the control of her powers, great as they ordinarily were.

In effect, like many more highly sensitive organizations, music seemed to have the most extraordinary effect upon her—to play upon her nervous system, so to speak, as though she were an *Eolian harp*, subject to every breath that might touch the strings.

The music stopped, and with it stopped her tears. She drew back into the chamber, and, pacing to and fro, began to mutter and soliloquise to herself.

"Can the old man suspect aught—anything?" she said. "That he can know me is impossible, after this lapse of years—with my changed voice, changed name, changed form, changed everything. No, it is not that."

Then she paced again.

"His sight is defective enough, I know; but he is shrewd, observant, watchful. Can he suspect me?—that I would take Philip Mandrell's heart from this girl, and make of it a gem, a jewel, such as even he cannot dream of, and which she cannot realize? She!—Rose! She is too young to know the power of love, and here is one heart hungering, which must hunger on evermore!"

Suffering and experience alone teaches us the true value of love; and so, probably, ran the thoughts of Mrs. Paunceford. Strong in her feelings, ardent in her impulses, she yet could not but admit that if she had dreamed at all, her dream was a folly and a delusion, and that the sooner she cast the fancy from her the better for her—for all.

She was crossing the room with a sad, despairing step, her head bent droopingly forward, and advancing to the door leading to the great main passage running through the house, when suddenly she paused.

She drew a deep breath, and put her hand on her heart, as though to stop its beating.

Why those dilating eyes, and that fixed stare?

On John Mandrell's library table lay a bunch of keys.

A bunch of keys!

Well, and what could there be in a bunch of keys?

She had seen them many a time lying about the table, suspended from the locks of drawer or cupboard, and had never been struck by any such association as she was by observing them now.

For in effect, while they were lying with careless neglect about, or with careful inattention, whichever the reader please, she had never known John Mandrell away when they were so heedlessly placed.

This was the first time, then, she had ever seen them unguarded; and her master was deeply engaged in the drawing-room.

The reader will please to recollect that the other doors at the extremity of the library (one at either corner) were mentioned in our first chapter.

The housekeeper seized the keys, clutched them to her breast, and then, with a guilty glance round the chamber, a sense which burnt hectic in both those fair, wan cheeks, she made a start to fasten the library door; but changing her mind, with a smile of contemptuous bitterness, strode without hesitation to the *left-hand door*, fastened it from within, and pursued her way, whither we must follow her.

The door led by a narrow passage to a half-glass door, which led into a small chamber, its shelves lumbered with "miscellaneous" matter.

A window, broad and lofty, looked into that part of the garden which was at the rear of the house.

This not being the chamber she sought, she tried a door leading out of the smaller "lumber room" of waste paper and old pamphlets; and as this door was fastened on the side she was on, it was not difficult to unfasten the same, and enter into a second passage—to a third door, which also yielded an entrance.

She now stood in John Mandrell's sanctum—

place into which none but himself rarely or ever entered.

It was lighted by a noble window of stained glass, and this again, like the one just mentioned, looked over the garden and grounds in the rear.

She cast hurried glances around her, for what she had to do must be speedily done.

A writing-table, with nothing on it; a tin box or two, marked "deeds," a safe—the key of that was not on the bunch; but as it struck her at once that what she really did seek must be within the box marked "deeds," it was not long before she had found the key, and the box, with its mysteries, lay open before her.

What were these?

First, a parchment, on the outside of which was written "Copy of my will and testament," &c. This she seized hastily—ran over—uttered a cry when she came to one name, through which the pen had been drawn—and, sinking on the ground with a moan, as the parchment almost folded itself and fell out of her hands, she murmured, "Forgotten, forgotten! Lost! dead!—ay, dead, that were better far—better far! Hah? what is here?"

Her wondering look settled now with an eager stare upon some objects that next met her sight.

A bundle of letters, faded and yellow—their creases black, their folds cracked and broken—tied together with a bit of faded ribbon, and tied to them was a bunch of dead violets, which still retained their perfume.

She clutched them up, and looked at the superscription on the packet. It was very simple:—"Anne Fawn's letters!"

Beneath these words, significant or not, was one word more—a word full of sinister terror. It was this—"Dead!"

"Dead!" she murmured—"dead! Why not?" She looked an instant, with glistening eyes, upon this packet so full of meaning, so replete with the business of the old, old story.

She lifted the packet to her lips, kissed it, kissed the withered bouquet, replaced them, locked up the box, made her way back, fastening the doors after her as she went, and ended finally by placing the keys on the table, as she had found them, and then went forth into the garden, seeking its darkest and shadiest nooks, in order to calm her tumultuous thoughts.

The time passed on, days into weeks, and weeks into months, and the marriage-day of Rose and Philip was drawing nigh.

But, suddenly—or rather by degrees so rapid that they seemed to form that "all at once" which startles and alarms—Rose was taken ill.

Langour, intermittent fever, reaction upon reaction of a kind and nature so unaccountable, that her case—at first, so apparently simple—battled at last the skill of a physician high in practice; and Rose—now, alas! more like a fading "lily"—lay upon her bed; and from the transparent skin, thin cheeks, and sharply beaming eyes—it was evident to all that she would never leave it again.

And Philip's wedding-day was a thing indefinitely postponed. It belonged to the unforeseen—the unrequited future.

Her malady baffled all; and beyond that, it was a wasting away, an utter atrophy: it was beyond the province of medical skill to recognise, to comprehend, to understand the diagnosis.

It was at this crisis that the devotedness and patient tenderness of the housekeeper were illustrated in a most striking manner. Her tender watchfulness, her more than motherly care, her anxiety, her unceasing attention, her marvellous power of endurance, were all brought out in a manner which astonished, while they awakened the warmest gratitude of the father.

"Ah, Mrs. Paunceford!" he would say, "what do I not owe you for many instances of your past devotion; but here, in this crowning one, which, while it is my most sad and bitter hour of trial, pray God it may pass away, shows what woman can do—what you can do and bear for me and mine. No, words can never convey to you my gratitude."

"I have known what it is to suffer, and I am only glad—sad as the occasion is—that I have not let my experience fall utterly to the ground."

"Without you, now," said the sorrowing man, "I should be so helpless—so helpless—we should all be lost and wanting. My poor Rose! If there be one consolation left thy father, it is that there is, at least, a kind and tender hand to smooth thy pillow."

And receiving these grateful testimonies with due meekness, the housekeeper would leave the library, and go and sit for hours beside her charge, waiting for the doctor, giving the pale, helpless girl food, or administering to her the medicines which the physician had prescribed.

Let us cast a midnight glance into the sick girl's chamber.

A pale, flickering taper casts a ghostly light upon the outlines of the beautiful girl's wan, worn face. She looks so lovely—she looks a corpse—but she looks so lovely that Death might have undertaken to make her beautiful, and to have fully succeeded in his purpose.

In the shadow of the curtain sits the housekeeper, motionless and silent.

When the silver tones of the time-piece strikes twelve, she stirs, she moves, she rises, she advances to a table, pours out the draught for her patient.

But what is in that phial which she takes out of her bosom and mixes with the medicine?

Poor Rose has been undergoing a dose of slow poison!

(To be continued.)

The captain of a vessel is not governed by his mate, but a married man generally is.

THE INFANT YANKEE.—A late lecturer remarked that it wouldn't be a very violent stretch of the imagination to believe "that a Massachusetts baby, six months old, sits in his mother's lap, crying his own cradle, to see if he could not invent a better; or at least suggest some improvement."

GENIUS.—Quite a distinguished teacher defines "genius" to be "the power of making efforts." If so, the fellow who we see reported as having fallen down drunk, and making "efforts" to raise himself by feeling upwards for the ground, must be an "awful genius."

CHILDHOOD.—Childhood is like a mirror catching and reflecting images from all around. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lip may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no scouring can efface.

SHUTE BUT NOT SHOT.—"Well, that's always the way with the telegraph folks!" exclaimed Mr. Mellow; "the good news they send us one day is pretty sartin' to be contradicted the next. Why, there's our neighbour, Sally Shute, who got a story as how her husband had been killed in one of the battles, and the day after it was all upset, for it proved to be another man! Gim me the old mail-stage, after all," continued Mrs. Mellow; "if 'twas slow, 'twas sartin'!"

BE BUSY.—The safe and general antidote against sorrow is employment. It is commonly observed that, among soldiers and seamen, though there is much kindness, there is little grief; they see their friends fall without any of that lamentation which is indulged in by the idle and the idle, because they have no leisure to spare from the care of themselves; and whoever shall keep his thoughts equally busy, will find himself equally unaffected by irretrievable losses.

ABOUT SUICIDE.—He who commits self-murder must, it seems to us, be either a madman or a coward. If a Christian, he must be mad—if an infidel, cowardly. In the former case, therefore, the suicide deserves our pity—in the latter he merits our contempt. The infidel who has no belief in the Bible doctrine of future punishment, does not, in his own opinion, run any risk in sneaking out of existence by the back-door of suicide. Lacking the meanness to face misfortune, he decamps from the world, leaving, perhaps, a helpless family to battle with the troubles from which he flees like a poltroon.

SITTING FOR ONE'S PICTURE.—There is a pleasure in sitting for one's picture, which many persons are not aware of. People are coy on this subject at first, coy with it, and pretend not to like it, as is the case with other venial indulgences, but they soon get over their scruples, and become resigned to their fate. There is a conscious vanity in it; and vanity is the chief ingredient in all our pleasures, the true *elixir* of human life. The sitter at first affects an air of indifference, throws himself into a slovenly, awkward position, like a clown when he goes a courting for the first time, but gradually recovers himself, attempts an attitude, and calls up his best looks the moment he receives intimation that there is something about him that will do for a picture.

EARLY MARRIAGES.—There is a grim and mournful truth in the following, though we grieve to say it. Very early marriages are not by any means very happy ones, though truth compels us to admit that we have known brilliant exceptions. She stood beside the altar when she was but sixteen. She was in love; her destiny rested on a creature as delicate, and who had known as little of the world as herself. She looked lovely as she pronounced the vow. Think of a vow from auburn hair, eyes, and pouting lips, only sixteen years old! She stood at the wash-tub when her twenty-fifth birthday arrived. The hair, the lips, the eyes, were no longer calculated to excite the heart. Five cross young ones were about the house, crying—some breaking things, and one urging the necessity of an immediate supply of the lacteal secretion. She stopped in despair and sat down, and tears trickled down her once plump and ruddy cheek. Alas, Nancy, early marriages are not the dodge. Better enjoy youth at home, and hold lovers at a proper distance until you have muscle, limb, and heart enough to face a frowning world and family. If a chap really cares for you he can wait two or three years, make presents, take you to concerts, and so on, until the time comes. Early marriages and early cabbages are tender productions.

MESSRS. B. COCKS AND CO., the eminent music publishers, of Old Burlington-street, with their usual liberality, gave the whole of their largest stall a holiday last week, paying all expenses at the Exhibition. It gives us great pleasure to state that Messrs. Dunn and Hewett, chocolate manufacturers, of Pentonville, also gave their men a treat to the Exhibition on Monday last.

IMPORTING tea not covered with colour prevents the Chinese passing off inferior leaves, hence Horniman's tea is the purest, cheapest, and best. Sold by 2,280 agents.

From the numerous examples of the Sewing Machine exhibited, we select one because it is the one that has been best subject to the influence of Art. It is indeed a very handsome piece of drawing-room furniture, and may be regarded as a masterpiece of art among articles of a more ambitious character. It is certainly the best of many exhibited for public favour, and is known as the "Wilde and Gibbs Sewing Machine." Circulars sent on application at No. 1, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4. *Journal*, August 1862.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL has consented to allow the Two Shilling Society of Arts' Printing Case to pass through the Post-office for four stamps, so that this compact case, of which 150,000 have already been sold, can now be sent to any part of the United Kingdom by sending twenty-eight stamps to the makers and inventors, Parkins and Gatto, 25, Oxford-street, London, to whom the Society of Arts awarded for this the prize of twenty guineas and their silver medal, for its utility, durability, and cheapness. The case contains writing paper, envelopes, blotting book, metal pen case with reserve of pens &c. &c., and is without exception, the cheapest article ever offered to the public.

Wit and Wisdom.

SINGULAR CREATURES.—Old bachelors. Always in the wash.—Lawn-dresses. A STORE THAT BURGLES NEVER TROUBLE.—Restless.

A MAXIM PICKED OUT OF "PI."—"The sword is sharper than the pen."

A DENTIST is not necessarily mad because he shows his teeth.

How does a cow become a landed estate? By turning her into a field.

WOMEN should set good examples, for the men are always following after the women.

A MAN is most likely to fall down upon the ice when he ventures upon it slipshod.

SNEAK low, ladies, and yet always endeavour to be high-toned women.

ALL SAFE.—No one was drowned in the flood of tears that a girl shed.

The gun that went off has not yet returned, neither has the candle that went out.

A MATTER OF "VITAL IMPORTANCE."—The commissariat.

A NAUTICAL FACT.—The size of a whale is always known by the strength of its blows.

MEM.—By the leaves of a book the cause of its fall can always be ascertained.

The worst atheists are not those who deny the existence of a Deity, but those who arrogate to themselves his attributes.

MANY who call themselves the Lord's stewards, keep ninety-nine parts in the hundred as the emoluments of their stewardship.

LOOK well before you leap. Very good advice in its way, but how can sickly-looking people follow it?

A CON. FOR THE CAMP.—Why is a lover who composes a pretty sonnet to the features of his "object" like a soldier? Because he knows how to write about face.

LIGHTNING never strikes but once in the same place—therefore, let a man whose first wife was a good one, never marry again.

In the interchange of leaden and iron compliments between soldiers, it is thought more blessed to give than to receive.

A LITTLE man grows jealous. We know of nothing to compare him to, unless it's a bottle of ginger-pop in a high state of rebellion.

TOOTH AND NAIL BRUSHES.—Combats in which the belligerent parties go at each other tooth and nail.

"JACK, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be?" "No, she has left that off, and turned expensive."

HARK-YE, Biggles! If you wish to collect your debts, sleep out of doors on summer evenings, and then you will be sure to get your dues.

We don't know exactly what "the height of ambition is," but we have seen many fussy little specimens of it not much more than five feet high.

FAILING stars are near the earth; the fixed are far off in the heavens. A radiant cloud is most beautiful to behold, but it is the dark one that gives the fertilizing shower.

CURE OF DYSPEPSIA.—Close all the outer doors of a four storey house, open the inner doors, and take a long switch and chase a cat up and down stairs till you steam.

APPOLOGETIC.—The publishers of a paper in Iowa give as an excuse for want of reading matter, that one of the editors got whipped at a horse-race, and the other was on a spree.

MY DOG AND MY GUN.—What is the most important difference between a dog and a gun? A dog can't hunt when it has got a muzzle on, but a gun can.

A WONDERFUL MAN.—Most persons are contented with two hands. The other day, however, we saw a man who, in addition to the usual number, had got a little behind hand.

SAD.—It is said that a man came very near dying in California, by putting on a pair of clean stockings and drinking a glass of cold water—an experiment he had not tried for many years.

THE REASON WHY.—The reason women so seldom stammer is because they talk so fast a stammer has not time to get in. People "stutter" because they hesitate. But who ever knew a woman to hesitate about anything?

DEFINITIONS from a New School Book.—"John, what's a bakery?"—"A place where they bake."—"What's a brewery?"—"A place where they brew."—"What's a gallery?"—"Ti hi—a place where there's gals."

"CANINE."—The latest dog story is of two dogs who fell to fighting in a sawmill. In the course of the tussle one dog went plump against a saw in rapid motion, which cut him in two instants. The hind legs ran away, but the fore legs continued to fight and whipped the other dog.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

Rise with the balm of flowers, the downy wind
Attuned the brook to music,—from the leaves
A gradual whisper stirred the languid air.
And seemed as if some Dryad's fingers paused
Amid the strings of her enchanted shell.
The moon rose like a spirit o'er the cloud,
And fringed its crest with silver; and the stars
Glanced in her path like wings of crystal light.
The scene was rife with tenor—hill and vale,
And e'en the distant sea, acquired a charm
From the delicious Night!

MS. POEL

A summer Night! It haunts the heart
With meditation high,
When, to the murmurs of the deep,
The balmy winds reply.

The stars seem watching in the heaven
Like eyes of diaphanous hue,
Ere Death has dimmed their vivid light,
Or closed their orbs from view.

And sweet it is to see the moon
Her sapphire throne resign,
And lay concealed behind a cloud,
As in a marble shrine.

The swart on which the violets bloom
With richest fragrance teems,
And from the verdant slope descends
The liquid gush of streams.

The valley, with its belt of pines,
Is beautiful and still;
But cypress-trees o'erwrought a tomb,
Are weeping on the hill.

And proudly wave the gorgeous woods
Around the distant scene,
While moonlight saturates their leaves
With sparkling light serene.

A summer Night! with aught that's pure,
Its glory shall impart
Bright dreams, and heaven-enchanted hopes,
To consecrate the heart!

NEW BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—
All the week, at half-past six. The Wonderful Drama
unparalleled for Scenery and Effects. CAST ON THE MERRY OF THE
WORLD. Mrs. Lane, Crawford, &c. Songs and Dancing by Mr.
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HEARTS OF OAK. Wednesday, GUY FAWKES, and GRAND
DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS.

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Eight o'clock. Morning Representations—Tuesday, Thursday, and
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stall (spring) chairs 5s, secured in advance at the Gallery (without
fee) and at Messrs. CLAMER, BEALE, and CO'S, 201, Regent-
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